

FORBES
OF



HARVARD

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD



LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO



12

FORBES OF HARVARD

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD

Author of "One Day," "No Enemy," etc.

"I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth Himself so to me in His gifts?" — EMERSON.



BOSTON
ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY
COPLEY SQUARE
1894

Copyrighted 1894
By ARENA PUB. Co.
All rights reserved

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THOSE WHO LOVE
THEIR FRIENDS, AND ESPECIALLY TO MY
MOTHER; THE RARE EXCELLENCE
OF WHOSE UNSELFISH LIFE
MIRRORS THE LIFE
DIVINE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE sad passing away of Col. Arthur Ripley Forbes, by the sinking of the steamship Titania, in the English Channel, has placed in my hands, as Executor, a large mass of correspondence. Many of the letters possessing a certain literary value, I have been given permission by the heirs to publish such of the communications as I thought proper.

Out of this epistolary aggregation of gossip, business, philosophy, friendship and love, certain letters have been selected, and by arranging them chronologically they tell their own story.

I trust that those who read this simple record of loyal friendship, will get at least a portion of the pleasure out of its perusal that has been derived from the pleasant task of arranging the facts in order.

ELBERT HUBBARD,

FORBES OF HARVARD.

NUMBER I.

MARIE MEREDITH, SPINSTER, TO ARTHUR RIPLEY
FORBES.

Mr. Forbes, having been advised by his physician to quit college on account of his health, follows the advice; but financial necessities compel him to accept a position as school teacher. His plans frustrated.

CONCORD, MASS., April 3, 1851.

DEAR ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES:—

We have heard of people who left their country for their country's good; and I am sure that many people could confer a great blessing on their towns-people by moving

“away off” — wherever that is. Dr. Peabody has advised you to pack up your scanty earthly effects, and stand not on the order of your going, but go at once. And still, last week I heard that instead of following his advice, for which he probably charged you two dollars, you have agreed to teach the Lexington school. You are to begin your work next Monday, by ringing the bell promptly at nine o’clock. Then you are to live in the dust raised by the shuffling feet of fifty boys — breathing the hot, stifling atmosphere polluted by the individual family perfume of a score of the first families, some of whom go swimming in warm weather we will admit. Do not forget that I have taught in the same school myself and know the opportunities for ventilation. Why, if you raise a sash just a wee bit, it makes such a draft that the books get sucked right through the window.

So you are going to teach the Lexington school, are you, Arthur Ripley Forbes? Well, not exactly, Mr. Forbes! I have written them that you have changed your mind, gotten the Pike’s Peak fever, and would start to-morrow.

And so in this letter I enclose you a New York draft, which I bought in Boston to-day for \$326.25; and, in addition, I send a railroad ticket to New York, which must be used within forty-eight hours.

Where did I get the money? None of your business, Mr. Forbes; I did not give it out of my own personal pocket, you may be sure. Neither did I steal it. But I want you to leave this place at once and go straight to Pike's Peak. Leave Concord for Concord's good, that you may come back a well and strong man. It is a long, hard trip, I know; but it will not kill you, and we do not want you to stay here. I am sick and tired of going to a funeral every week—the mortality rate is getting altogether too high in Middlesex County.

Yours earnestly,

MARIE MEREDITH.

P. S. Start to-morrow, Arthur; only your mother and I will be at the station to see you off, and there will be no fuss. The money was given by lots of folks who love you well.

Take the morning train into Boston and you can catch the express for Springfield.

NUMBER II.

MR. FORBES TO MISS MEREDITH.

The advice followed.

CONCORD, April 3, 1851. — 8 P. M.

DEAR AUNT MARIE:—

I have decided to start for the Far West to-morrow.

Yours truly,

A. R. FORBES.

NUMBER III.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Mr. Forbes' former room-mate writes a breezy letter, full of affection, hope and good cheer.

HOLLIS 19, CAMBRIDGE, April 3, 1851.

DEAR OLD CHUM:—

Since you left here, three weeks ago, the weather has been decidedly cloudy; and once or twice, when I glanced over at your little bed in the corner and saw how nice and smooth and white the covers were, it looked like rain. But they have put a new man in with me now: Bridges of Albany, perhaps you remember him. A good enough sort of fellow, but he is not Arthur Ripley—my Arthur—tall, slender, sad and mirthful by turn, who could floor any man in the hall, collar and elbow; and then do as much for the professor in psychology—my Arthur, who wrote the thesis for Reddy Smith, because the boy's mother died and he was so broke up that his red head would not work; and who wrote a better thesis than he intended to, so that it took the Bowdoin prize of fifty dollars, and set a pace so rapid for the genial Reddy, that he could never approach his record, and has lived in suspicion ever since! Never mind, old man; you did not mean to do it, did you?

In the Latin class we had a high old time

last week. You remember Professor R—— generally brings his big Newfoundland, and the dog takes a quiet nap while the professor gives his lecture. Well, young Larkin brought a dog, too—a bull terrier, with a collar and chain. When the lecture was about half over we heard that chain rattle, and the next instant the terrier was on the platform and had the Newfoundland by the neck. The big dog gave a yelp, and then they went at it. They upset the globe, and an easel with a blackboard on it, and then the dogs fought under the benches and all over the room before we could get 'em separated. The following day there was a sign on the door, "Positively no dogs allowed in Class Rooms." At the next lecture given by Professor R——, in walked six Seniors, each leading a cat by a chain.

That last hemorrhage you had scared us all, and I am inclined to think, now, that if you had stayed here, it would have been just as well—provided you would have been willing to go slow, and not make yourself a pack-horse for every poor fellow who cannot pass his "zam" or pay his board.

I am sure it is not phthisis : your lungs are not affected, for you had a great appetite and only coughed a little, and that in the mornings.

But now I hear that you are going to Pike's Peak — well, that is great — pick up all the nuggets you can, and don't forget to send a basket around to Hollis for the boys who swear by Arthur Ripley Forbes.

“Gawd bless you, me che-ild!” Write us a letter once in a while, such as only you can pen, and I will read it at the Phi Beta Kappa. How the boys will applaud!

Ever and always,

JACK.

NUMBER IV.

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH TO EDMUND HOSMER.

A letter to an old resident of Concord. Another student has something to say — somewhat stilted and pedantic, perhaps; but gives his version of an extraordinary occurrence. “It all depends upon the point of view.”

DEP'T OF DIVINITY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE, April 6, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have a peculiar respect for your quiet village on account of its historical connections, but I feel it my duty now to relate to you a little experience which I had a few days ago, that has placed me in a most embarrassing position. All brought about by an eccentric female purporting to reside in your village. I had the honor of leading the chapel exercises on the morning in question, and would not have been imposed on as I was, had it not been that this female brought me a letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson; for whom, you know, I have a strong personal regard, although I must here say his philosophy is most mystical (if I may use the expression) — dangerous — tending to unseat the moral convictions of even those who have grown to years of discretion, to say nothing of its bad effect on the growing minds of the young.

As I hope soon to be an instructor in Harvard, I must contradict the imputation that has been put forth by persons evilly disposed,

that these peculiar, insidious ideas (if I may be allowed the expression) were acquired in this institution of learning. For while Harvard College is most liberal in all things, giving to every man a perfect right to think for himself, yet, in our imparting instruction, we know where to draw the line between liberal Christianity and that Germanic imported thing, which they are pleased to call "Christian Rationalism;" which, my dear brother, you must admit, is neither Christian or Rational (if I may be allowed to use the comparison).

Mr. Emerson is an alumnus of this college, and I have for him, personally, a great affection (which remark does not imply that I endorse any of his so-called philosophy). So, when the female presented herself in College Chapel yesterday, with a letter from Mr. Emerson, introducing her and speaking of her most highly, I at once, unthinkingly, granted her request to say a few words to the men before they were dismissed.

She wore a most peculiar bonnet of large dimensions, with wicked intent, I now believe, of making me think she was a Quakeress;

and as you know the women of this sect are often given to public speaking, setting aside the words of St. Paul, "suffer not a woman to teach," I the more readily assented, as our college is most liberal in all things. Her manner was most brusque and assertive. In fact, she rather demanded permission to speak than asked it, and you well know that no Christian gentleman can afford to get into a disputation with a female—their talk never being of a logical order; always without sequence and lacking synthetic quality. So I have made it a rule, in the past, to allow them to have their own way. I make this excuse for not appealing to *argumentum Baculinum* and ejecting the intruder at once. In fact, my warm sympathetic nature may cause me to lose my prospective position here, and certainly it has already brought upon me much obloquy. I was about to dismiss the congregation with the benediction, when this woman presented herself, carrying a large basket on one arm, and an umbrella, tied about with a strip of cotton cloth. She set her basket on the platform, and at once began to speak of the sympathy which

should exist between man and man: that, if a worthy man needed help, all others, who had it in their power to do so, should be thankful for the privilege of assisting him. The boys in the back part of the chapel began to applaud (a thing which should never occur in a house set apart for sacred worship). Several Methodists among the pupils shouted "Amen" — or words to that effect — and this only encouraged the female, who spake the louder and faster; and several times, by way of emphasis, she smote the sacred desk with her umbrella. One of the Freshmen requested her to hit it again, which caused the unruly to applaud the more. She then told of how a student of this college had tuberculosis, or at least was threatened with it, or some bronchitic affection — of how he supported his mother, and had given money to other students more needy than himself — and now, when he was so reduced, physically, that he could no longer follow his studies, he found himself penniless, and proposed to go to teaching school. "If he is allowed to do this," she continued, "he will die in a month; but if the money can be raised to send him

away to Pike's Peak, he will probably recover." She wound up her harangue with, "The name of the young man is Arthur Ripley Forbes, '52."

Of course all the boys know Forbes—the tallest man in the school—and before the old woman had gotten the words out of her mouth they sent up a most disagreeable shout; and this woman ordered four men on the front seat to pass the hats, for she wanted three hundred dollars for Forbes within ten minutes. Everybody seemed to lose his head—I put in a dollar before I thought. Those who had left their purses at home borrowed of others, and I am sure she got over three hundred dollars. She did not wait to count the money or thank me for the use of the platform, nor to hear the benediction, but away she went with the money tied up in a big red handkerchief; her basket on one arm and her umbrella over her shoulder. It seems she came in an old chaise drawn by a white horse. She left this horse standing on Quincy Street in care of a Sophomore, to whom she beckoned, and, calling him to her, addressed him most disrespect-

fully thus: "Sonny, hold this horse until I come back."

After thinking the matter over, I am fully convinced that we have been imposed upon.

There is no guarantee that this woman will ever use the money for Mr. Forbes; and I do not think she had any authority from him to make the appeal in his behalf. If Mr. Forbes needed our assistance, it would have been more proper for him to have laid the matter before the Faculty, so it could have been considered by the Finance Committee.

In justice to Mr. Forbes (for we are a liberal institution and would not wrong any man), I must say he was always a fairly good student; although he could never win a diploma, *Magna Cum Lauda*.

I do not want to say anything against him; but several times he has been caught in the act of assisting dull students in their examinations, and once he put eleven frogs in my desk so that they hopped out the next morning when I opened the drawer—causing me a severe nervous shock. He afterwards explained that the frogs were only placed there

temporarily, being designed for the Department of Natural History, so I forgave the offense.

I do not think he is threatened with tuberculosis; he had, I believe, a slight cough, not much more than a clearing of the throat—a habit, I should say—and the last few days he was here he had more color in his cheeks than any who sat near him. And then he has a splendid physique—tall and erect.

This may be merely a designing scheme of Forbes' to excite the sympathy of Christian people—his plan being to divide the spoils with the female I have spoken of—or she may be acting alone. At any rate, I desire you, as my friend, to thoroughly sift the matter; and, if the law has been transgressed, I hope you will bring the offender to justice—let the blow fall where it will.

Believe me, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH.

P. S. I must add that Mr. Emerson is not blameless in this matter; having been the cause of this female speaking from the platform in

College Chapel — no woman ever having spoken there before. Her smiting of the sacred desk with the umbrella, and the riotous applause, being most unseemly — all of which may make me serious trouble if the Faculty see fit to act upon it.

H. P.

NUMBER V.

MR. EDMUND HOSMER TO REV. HEZEKIAH
PENNAWORTH.

Mr. Edmund Hosmer assures Mr. Pennaworth that Miss Meredith is a worthy person, and gives an interesting fact concerning her.

CONCORD, MASS., April 7, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your letter received. The only woman I know, who is capable of the conduct you detail, is Miss Marie Meredith, a maiden-lady of this village. While somewhat eccentric, she is a most excellent person in every respect, and has the confidence of all good people in this community. Her name should live in history, as she enjoys the distinction of being the first —

woman principal of a public school ever employed in this capacity in Massachusetts.

Any funds you have placed in the hands of Miss Meredith, I am sure, will be wisely and properly used.

Respectfully yours,

EDMUND HOSMER.

NUMBER VI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

A glimpse of that fine feeling of affection, so often found among college students. The other side of that strange procedure. What Pennaworth lacks in humor Holworthy seems to make up. A suggestive postscript.

HOLLIS 19, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

April 7, 1851.

DEAR OLD CHUM:—

I haven't much time to write, but I will send this to Buffalo at a venture, as I hear you will stay there and at Niagara Falls a day or so.

That pain in your side is nothing, dear boy; I have it myself, sometimes. And those night

sweats—I know they make you weak; but what does a fellow deserve who goes around tutoring, and then sits up half the night getting his own lessons. New sights and new scenes, with fresh air, will fix the old man up in good shape soon; and when he comes back we will meet him in the outskirts with a carriage. We will unloose the horses, and a hundred men will get hold of the rope and pull him over to Harvard Square in state; we will have a banquet, and the old man will make so good a speech, as usual, that it will leave nothing for the rest to say.

The big debate, I told you of, comes off soon, and I have been named as one of the speakers.

Great excitement last week; something never known in old Harvard before. I'll let you guess four times; yes, ten—a hundred. No! you are wrong. A woman made a speech in College Chapel, and the boys applauded so that they cracked two of the memorial windows; and the bust of old Quincy frowned and called, "Order!" Fact! I hope to never! And who was the woman? Give you twelve

times to guess. Give it up? Well, it was Aunt Marie Meredith; and Choate could not match her, if she would only take the platform. I was so interested in what she was saying, I forgot the old woman; but I know she was wonderfully eloquent.

Well, I was going to tell you: Serious Penny, the Theolog, had charge of the chapel service that morning, and Aunt Marie just edged him off the platform and began her little speech. It was only about five minutes long—something about the brotherhood of man. It would not interest you, anyway; but it touched several of the boys so that they mopped, and Bridges got something in his eye and blew his nose on his coat tail. Some of the boys have got up a sham petition to present to the Faculty because they say Penny invited a woman to preach in College Chapel, and they want him bounced for treason in trying to have an old woman president in place of Sparks. Penny has written a long letter to Sparks, explaining that Aunt Marie got under way before he could get his breath, and the end is not yet.

Since the Baptists gave it up, Aunt Marie is

preaching, every Sunday afternoon, at the little red school-house over by the Pond. Not much science in her homiletics, I guess; but she gives it to 'em straight as to how people should live. They say the folks around there turn out great to hear her — lots of them never inside a church, I suppose.

We had quite a scare, the other day, when we saw a big red printed card on the pump, out in front of Hollis, reading — “The water in this well has been analyzed by the Board of Health and found unfit for use.” The sign stayed there all day, as everybody thought it was all straight. The Faculty sent for the Secretary of the Board of Health, and gave him a great going-over; but it turned out that some of the boys had stolen the sign off from a pump over in Boston, and tacked it on ours. Bridges had not been feeling well for a day or so, and when we saw the sign he said he always knew the water in that well was “pizen.”

Bridges is a fine fellow, but he ain't my Arthur of the Round Table.

Eat all you can, old man; and remember, I will divide my last crust with you — although,

you old rascal, you never would accept "nothing from nobody" when here. But I hope your proud spirit will get broken, so that you will write and ask me for something. I want to send you something, or do something for you, and here all I can send is my love.

Bridges says he will tumble out and give you back your bed whenever you want it, which I hope will be soon. Rah, Rah, Rah, Fifty-two, Staunch and True, Rah, Rah, Rah, H-A-R-V-A-R-D.

God bless you, old man! Don't forget the nuggets when you get to Pike's Peak. You always got the nuggets (of wisdom) here, you surely will not miss them there.

JACK.

P. S. Was up to Concord Sunday. Our stately Minerva—what's her name? the tall Iris that lives with the Alcotts—asked if I miss you. *Do I miss you, old chum?*

NUMBER VII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO MISS MARIE
MEREDITH.

Mr. Forbes writes to the woman who is "aunt"

to the whole community. The journey described. Despair veiled in lightsome, playful vein. A modern Mercutio. "A deal more kindness in the world than is ever spoken."

MANSION HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y.,

April 8, 1851.

DEAR AUNT MARIE :—

Thus far am I on my journey. I have followed your orders about not drawing on my vitality by writing letters, but to-day I am quite in the mood. You know I have always respected your whim about disliking to shake hands; but that other whim, that you do not want to be thanked, I will now defy. Here am I, twenty-four years old last December—twenty-first day, two o'clock in the morning—six feet three, weight one hundred and fifty-five, and not a dollar in the wide world but what you have given me. You paid my tuition at Harvard besides; although no one knows it. So I am under obligation to you, not only for the dollars I have, but for the ideas I possess, as well.

In interpreting the parable of the talents, you know, Deacon Peepson always gives it the pure

Connecticut bias. Why do you not learn at the feet of Deacon Peepson : increase your dollars, instead of bestowing them on young men of very hazy prospects, or loaning them to older ones with future still more obscure? I really believe you have given the dear old wood-sawing philosopher a hundred dollars the past year; and it makes me smile audibly, when I think how careful he always is to issue his note for these favors. Yet, if Louisa turns out to be half what you prophesy, it will all come back to you, with usurious interest, in the shape of satisfaction. Satisfaction is not quoted as a negotiable security on Milk Street, but I rather think that happiness is transferable after all; and all you want it for, you selfish old maid, is to give it away. But to return to your finances: although I cannot manage my own, should that hinder me. from giving you advice about yours? Perish the thought!

Well, your money is all in the mill stock, which pays you a fair rate of interest, yet it may not always pay; so I would advise you to save up for your old age. Let me see!—my old aunt is sixty-one; but, pshaw! I

forgot, it is not years that make people old! My dear aunt was never any younger, nor will she ever be any older, than she is now.

Although the frosts of sixty-one winters have whitened her hair a trifle, yet she is the same scolding, loving, working, praying, laughing, scoffing, tender-hearted heretic that she always was. I set out, in this letter, to thank her for all she has bestowed on me, in the way of admonition, intellectual fly-blister, tender love, rebuke, and coin of the realm; but, now that I try it, a big lump comes in my throat and I cannot see the lines on the paper. I chew my penholder, and do not know what to say that will not be thrown back to me; and so, in despair, I give it up, and say, God knows! And my Aunt Marie, living so close to Him, in her cottage with her cat, under the pines, the lilacs in the yard, and the lines of box-wood and gooseberry bushes in the garden, and the rose bush climbing over the door, and the Musketequid flowing lazily by—surely, she knows, too.

To him that hath shall be given. Did ever unworthy mortal have such friends as have

been given to me? Everyone seems to know it, and they try to outdo the friends at home. But if they were wise they would give up in despair. Coming here from Albany, the conductor made up a bunk in the express car, with a pile of mail bags for a mattress, and the brakeman contributed a big overcoat (that smelled very strongly of tobacco); and these, with the new quilt you gave me, made a very comfortable bed. I slept well, and dreamed of fishing in Walden Lake and catching a Harvard diploma without honors. I am fully persuaded, that if I ever get a Harvard diploma, it will be in that way.

In the morning, when I got up, the express messenger wanted to divide his lunch with me. He sorted mail, and flung the letters with a dextrous twist right and left, high and low, always in the right box, and gave me his family history at the same time. When I started to go, I thanked him for his kindness, and told him I was glad of the privilege of riding in the baggage car, for I expected to come back that way. He stopped his flinging the letters and

said, with something that sounded very much like a swear word: "Now, you there, pard, let up on that; don't you lose your nerve! Why, you only have a bad cold; that's what makes your side ache. When you get to Buffalo, if you will go with me, my old mother will fix you up a dose that will make a man of you." One of the great disadvantages of being a semi-invalid is, that we have to listen to all the good people who have had exactly the same experience that we have. I already have a notebook nearly filled with recipes, all of which are warranted to cure me. One old lady on the train, who, in a high conversational soprano, told the entire car about her son in Ohio, whom she was going to visit, leaned over the aisle and said to me: "La me! Young man, you look as if you was going inter the consumption! Our neighbor Smith's hired man didn't look half so bad as you, and he died right in his cheer. What! You ain't travellin' alone, be you? Dear me! You must take some of my elderberry wine to wunst."

Mr. Emerson always told us, you know, that there was a deal more kindness in the world

than was ever spoken ; and surely mankind are not so bad, after all ! If we always had the power to touch the unseen spring, how the heart would open and sympathy and affection step forth !

You will be glad to know that my appetite is good, and that I have dozed and day-dreamed and been really happy. Can I ever repay the dear ones who have shown such lavish kindness ? No, I cannot ; but I believe that somewhere and somehow, there is a something that will reward you all. Above the feebleness of man is God.

Does it not seem a little queer, that I, who, two years ago, was the most active and strongest man in my class, should now wear a shawl, and pipe in falsetto ?—strong in every part save one. If the king pin of a wagon breaks, we put in another. Does the tire come off, we put it on. If a spoke breaks, we replace it. But when one part of a man's body gives out, we—deed him real estate, two by six, pass resolutions and write his obituary.

I leave for Chicago to-morrow — then to St. Louis, and from there the work really begins.

Overland in a prairie schooner, I suppose; which I have heard of, but never seen. Two years ago I would have gloried in the prospect. I am a savage at heart, and always had a desire to live in the open air—to return to nature and be her child, resting on her breast and having her gentle voice sing me to sleep and her bounty feed me when awake. But now it is all so close at hand, I shrink from the prospect. It quite took my strength to walk up two flights of stairs to-day; but here is consolation—if I fail, I will not be the first. There are more on the other side of the Styx than here. My friend, the expressman, will handle the mail more gently when he reads the name on the wooden box. He will tiptoe across the car and say to the brakeman, “D—— you, Jim, don’t you swear in here!” as he points to the corner. And he will forget, that morning, to open the sliding door and wave at the girls in the farm-house, as the train goes whirling by. And then there is rest—sweet rest! I do so sigh for rest. Sleepy Hollow, over the hills, with its sighing pines and great rocks, and the quiet where my father sleeps. So,

whether it is this way or that, I am content.

With great love I am,

Most sincerely, your

ARTHUR.

NUMBER VIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Another letter from Forbes. He adapts his style to the correspondent. Chicago peculiarities. What did Aunt Marie talk about? One of three things will happen to him. Which will it be? A postscript.

CHICAGO, April 11, 1851.

MY DEAR OLD CHUM:—

This is the most active, bustling place you ever heard of. It seems to be filled with young men from the East.

In Boston you go into a business house, ask for "the head of the firm," and you are shown into the private office of a white-whiskered old patriarch, who patronizingly freezes you by saying, "Ah! Now, my son—well, what can I do for you to-

day?" You are looked upon as a mendicant. I would rather face an audience in Faneuil Hall than approach one of those gods of coffee, sugar and pork, on Long Wharf. But here it is all changed: the head of the house in Chicago is a smart young fellow, shrewd, clear-headed, ready. He reaches out his hand whether he has ever seen you before or not, tosses your letters of introduction into a corner, unread, slaps you on the back and says, "Well, old boy, how do you like the glorious West?" And you are old friends in half a minute.

Lots of Harvard men here, and everybody but me is on the go. Options, corner lots, job lots, foot front, bargains, and "sure thing" contracts is what one hears. No time for gossip. "Glad to see you! Let's take something! Well, come around to-morrow," and my hand is wrung and off he flies after "a deal." Just what a deal is, I have not yet learned; but it must be a very attractive sort of animal: if I secure one, I will stuff it and send it to you for the Peabody Museum.

If I had a tithe of my old-time ambition, I would "squat" here and make my fortune.

As it is, I have almost caught the spirit, and to-day bolted my dinner in five minutes, giving the waiter a quarter and telling him to "move lively." Then I got up from the table with a quarter section of pie in my hand, eating as I walked. It must be a very healthful place, too; for we had three kinds of climate to-day in twenty minutes. But even this does not tempt me to stay and become a "hustler."

The clear type of the genus hustler goes on voyages of conquest and discovery into other men's pockets. His counting-room is his church; his desk his pew; his ledger his Bible; his god is gold, and credit his faith. Nature sacrifices the man to complete the work.

I got your *billet-doux* at Buffaloux, and of course was much pleased to hear from my old chum. My regards to Bridges, and tell him to sleep in the bed in peace: I shall never want it. I am going to do one of three things:

1. Be planted deep on the prairie.
2. Wear a wooden overcoat, with a tag on, reading:

With Care

To the Sexton of Sleepy Hollow

Concord

Middlesex Co.

Mass.

3. Live my life, secure a good name, and get rich in the wild West.

The turning point between No. 1 and No. 2 lies in the possibility of there being found money enough, in the lining of my vest, to pay expenses back on the box. A request to this effect is now neatly folded in my pocket-book.

At night, when I go to bed, I feel so tired I am sure it will be No. 1. When I get up in the morning I am positive it will be No. 2. After I get breakfast and move around a little, I try to bluff Arthur Ripley Forbes into a bet that it will be No. 3; and so it goes, each day.

What you told me about Aunt Marie and College Chapel, made me forget my side-ache

and laugh aloud. I am not surprised, for she is equal to almost anything; but what did she talk about? Admittance of girls to Harvard, I suppose. Well, the boys won't object. Give Stoughton up to the dear creatures, have a dancing platform out in front of Gore and get out the catgut and horse-hair. Ah, excuse me—I will take that back. I have decided to return to Harvard, and after graduating I propose to return as a Post-Graduate. I may become a grind—who knows!—and go to school indefinitely, as they do at Heidelberg. Don't fool yourself, old chum: if by any miracle the girls should get into Harvard, they will make you fellows brighten up your wits. You don't believe this, and old Jared Sparks would call it idiotic drivel and pluck me for being an ass; but Balaam's ass knew a thing or two. You hear me, you grinning monkey? Well, laugh away; it's so, just the same.

The presence of women in a lecture room would work a change in the manners of professors, for one thing. You have noticed that when a Harvard professor reads his lecture, he often seats himself in a chair and sprawls

over the table like a devil-fish seeking its prey.

If he is not confined to his manuscript, he may lean back and endeavor to balance his weight on one leg of the chair; his hands are in his pockets up to his elbows, and often one foot is on the table. The students forget the theme to watch the gyrations, and all pray hard that the Prof. will take a tumble. You remember old Doctor Hardhead, who gave the course in Geology, used to lecture resting one foot in a seat; and in the pause that marked the exit of one thought and the coming of another, instead of scratching his head for inspiration as some of us do, he would scratch various portions of his anatomy as the notion struck him, and we would lay bets as to what part he would scratch next. And then there was that man in English, who lectured sitting astride of a chair, using the back for an abdominal supporter. Occasionally he would turn his head and spit, which you must admit was much better than to spit straight ahead at the audience.

Well, the point I would make is, that any man who speaks to an audience composed in

part of women will take the attitude that is respectful and which is proper for a speaker. He will then be teaching manners as well as his regular subject; and manners must never be left out of a college curriculum.

But about Aunt Marie: if she should show up at college again, and any of the boys happen to treat her disrespectfully, I will trust to you, Jack, to catch him on the point of the jaw with your left. If he does not apologize, see that he is well ducked in Charles River — you can easily get enough help. But I guess that will not be necessary; the boys will all recognize her goodness under the big bonnet, vintage of '23. Yet there are very few that understand her at all. I think I know her greatness better than anyone else.

To tell you confidentially, Jack, I could not have made this trip if it had not been for her. She got the money somewhere, she would not tell how; going around, I suppose, among the neighbors and over to Malden — and she would tackle a few in Boston, too. Thoreau would help her, for he has not much else to do, and Alcott would borrow a dollar to put in. Never

mind; they are a queer lot, ain't they, Jack? But even though we do make sport of them, we know their virtues, and here's to all those who love those that we love.

Hoping you will pass 100 in your Greek, I am,

Ever yours,

ARTHUR.

P. S. The young woman that you spoke of at Alcott's is Miss Honor Harold. I saw her several times at the Lyceum — hardly thought she would remember me.

A. R. F.

NUMBER IX.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES.

Son to mother. As requested, describes his symptoms. The mother-love given back with interest. "Thoreau and Holworthy will look after your needs, come what may."

SHERMAN HOUSE, CHICAGO,

April 12, 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

You see I am one thousand miles from you; but I love you just as much, as if I were writ-

ing this in our sitting-room, and you were in the kitchen, and the door between was open, and you were busy at your work, singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." I think you would not stay long here if you could not sing. They say that soldiers, on the march, sing; and they sing when going into battle. Shepherds sing away the long hours of the day or night. And you know the first chorus was formed in the country: in fact, the word chorus means country. In the country it is sometimes lonely, and so "God sent his singers."

I am sure my good old mother gets much of her courage, fortitude and patience through her song. It sort of puts her into close relationship with the "Over-soul," and she feels she is not alone; that God is near, and what cares she, though the north winds blow, and her big boy has gone off to make his fortune and get strong!

You were so anxious to have me write exactly how I felt, and about the cough, that I will comply, lest you be grieved that I do not follow my good mother's orders. Well, firstly,

I do not cough quite so much, but I lay abed this morning quite a while, dreading to get up, knowing the coughing would begin as soon as I stood on my feet. I have used nearly all the boneset you gave me, and have some of the cold hop tea on the chair near my bed, so I can reach out and get it when my throat gets dry and parched, in the night.

The shooting pains through my left shoulder-blade are not so bad, but I still have those awful dreams. You know I have my father's spirit, and fear nothing in the day-time; but the instant I fall asleep those black, leering forms come up, and I often awaken with a start, all in a cold sweat, and lie awake hours, conjugating the Greek verb up and back, down and across, before I can go to sleep again.

It looks as if nature was afraid to sleep lest she forget to waken; and so, last night, I got up and dressed, put on my overcoat, and sat looking out of the window for two hours: watching the stars—and one big yellow star, in particular, which was right off over old Middlesex County. I listened to the echo-

ing feet of the belated travelers and the watchmen, as they trod the pavement beneath my window. By and by the milk wagons began to rattle through the streets; the stars stole to rest, and then away off in the direction of Boston, great red streaks shot up, until the whole eastern sky was aglow. The light always comes from the east, you know. Then I undressed and went to bed, and slept pretty nearly as well as I used to, up in our little garret. I dreamed that that big light in the east would have forgotten to appear, had I not watched for it. Now, I wonder, after all, would the sun come up just the same if I should go hence?

Despair seems to clasp me in his leaden arms, crushing my heart in his embrace. I am so tired all the time, dear little mother; somehow I do not get rested as I should. When I get up in the morning I am more tired than when I went to bed. My limbs ache so, and I feel sore all over. I think, to-day, that if I had just stayed at home in the old house, with my little fidgety sweetheart mother, and rested—rested quietly, and let you take care of me—

the old-time strength would soon come back. Yes; it is rest I need — rest. I seem to have lost my will power, and need the help of a stronger and clearer mind to tell me just what to do.

Do you think it would be very weak in a man six feet three, to acknowledge he was homesick and wanted his mother? Well, never mind, you will not tell anyone; but I want my mother so badly, to-night, that I could cry — and perhaps I have, a little. I once heard a gray-haired old man say he longed to leave this earth so that he could see his mother, and I guess the mother-love ever lingers down in a man's heart; so, when he is away in a strange city and the weather is cold and rainy, and he sits alone in his room in a big, bustling hotel where nobody cares for him, and he ain't very well — his head is hot and his feet cold — he just wants his mother to come and bring some hot water with mustard in it, so he can warm his feet. She will put her hands on his throbbing head. Her form may be bent a little, and she may wear spectacles with brass rims and her hands may be hard and calloused, but the

touch is very gentle and loving. She would help him undress and go to bed, and then she would tuck the warm blankets around him and kiss his forehead, and taking up the candle would move off quietly down the stairs, that might creak a little; and sweet sleep would come stealing in, with calm rest and pleasant dreams.

I leave for St. Louis to-morrow, and if you write me there soon after you get this, care of the Southern Hotel, I will get it before I leave.

If you need anything, in any way, just call on Henry Thoreau or write to John Holworthy at Cambridge. I had a quiet chat with each before I left; so, you see, my wee, white-haired sweetheart, you have three boys instead of one.

Affectionately,

ARTHUR.

NUMBER X.

MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES TO ARTHUR RIPLEY
FORBES.

Mrs. Forbes writes to her son, telling him of her new boarder; of household and family affairs. Expresses her fears as to his spiritual state, and gives earnest advice as to his physical condition.

[It seems, at first view, almost like sacrilege to put in cold print the lavish outpourings of this loving mother's heart.

Living for many years a life of ceaseless toil in a sequestered spot, devoted to her family and household affairs, with a deep religious feeling, she is the type of a class unhappily growing rare. Mr. Emerson's followers were few in 1851. He was regarded by many as a "dangerous" man. In this and other ways, possibly, this good woman's faith is not ours; and, while some may not agree with all of her opinions, all good souls will certainly most earnestly respect her motives. Let no man accuse us of irreverence in reproducing such tender words; for, if we smile, it is in love and sympathy, knowing the groundlessness of her fears.

She rests from her labors beneath the great pines in Sleepy Hollow, where the winds make mournful melody among the branches; and over the moss-covered mound where she sleeps, I strew thyme and mignonette. E. H.]

CONCORD, April 18, 1851.

MY DEAR BOY:—

Your letter received. Miss Honor Harold brought it from the post-office. She is living with me now. Since you went away it is so lonesome. Even when you were at Cambridge you were always here Sundays. The first Sunday you were away seemed very long. Henry brought Miss Harold here and introduced her. He thought she would be company for me. It is so noisy down at the Alcotts. They talk so much about foolish things that nobody knows anything about. I know Miss Harold will like it here. She told me to call her Honor; but she is so tall and so smart, I told her, if she had as lief, I would call her Miss Harold. She has your front room. I have put up a new chintz curtain, and put down the new rag carpet that I had woven last year. I put the log-cabin quilt on the bed, and the one with the pink border which you liked so well. She is a very likely person, I think; but so quiet I have to talk all the time to entertain her, when she is down-stairs.

We got eleven eggs yesterday, and I have

decided to set the speckled hen, and also the black one, that came here of herself last June.

I was to charge Miss Harold three dollars a week, which will help quite a bit, won't it Arthur? But she wipes the dishes and takes care of her own room; so, if you tell me that you think best, I will make it \$2.50, for she gets her dinner twice a week in Boston. She goes tutoring on Beacon Street, to some rich family. Write me if you think \$2.50 is enough, or shall I make it \$2.75?

It is very kind of Henry Thoreau to say he will look after me; but you know, Arthur, I do not like him, and you should not grieve the only mother you have by sending him here.

He treats his folks well, I will admit, but you know he never goes to church; and one Lord's day, just after the Doxology was sung, and we were all going home filled with the spirit, there walked Henry Thoreau, right through the village, with a tree on his shoulder that he had dug up somewhere. He was taking it home to plant, and I have no doubt he dug a hole and planted it that Sabbath afternoon. O, my son, how can we hope to escape, when we desecrate the Sab-

bath? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," Arthur, and shun those evil companions.

Mr. Emerson, I know, is a very nice man — so civil and gentle like. He always shakes hands with me on the street, and says, "A woman who has a boy like you should be very happy." But, oh, my son, good works will not save us; and a man who rejects my Saviour, who died for us on the cross, *cannot* be a good man at heart. See how his example has affected so many of the young people in Middlesex County! And I believe Henry Thoreau would not be a Sabbath-breaker, were it not for him.

Only by the blood of Jesus can we hope to escape, and how I long to hear that my only son has accepted his Redeemer!

"There is a time, we know not when,
A place, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair."

O! my son, if you could have heard the fervent appeals that went up to the Throne of Grace for you, last Wednesday night, at the

prayer meeting at Deacon Palmer's, I know your stubborn heart would have been touched; and you would turn and live. I never heard Elder Fisher wax so powerful. As he prayed, the tears ran down his whiskers. It was a time of deep feeling. I had given in your name, and all who took part prayed for "the young man who seemed stricken by the hand of death, and whose mother might be left alone in her old age, desolate." I know our prayers will be heard, Arthur; and, while the light of His countenance seems withheld for a time, we must remember that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Throw away those infidel essays of Emerson and read your Bible. Mr. Emerson's mother never taught him these untrue things. Of course, many things he says, are so—we all know that. But there is poison in it; and, although bread is good, you would not eat it if there was poison in it, would you? No! And so you cannot read those infidel books without being contaminated. There are only two ways, my son: the right, and the wrong. If you

reject your Saviour you are lost, no matter how many beautiful things you may say about woods and flowers and sunshine, and stars and streams, and meadows, and all such foolishness.

“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” (Mark xvi, 16.)

Take the powders Dr. Peabody gave you regularly, and make a tea of the herbs which I send in the blue paper, and take a table-spoonful every hour, without fail. The doctor says you should take the pills in the wooden box before each meal, and four of those in the tin box before you go to bed every night.

Miss Harold read your letter to me, as my glasses were up-stairs. I guess they do not pay much attention to writing at Harvard, for you are like your father: he never could write so anyone could read it. But she read your letter right straight along, in such a low, sweet voice. I sat and rocked in the splint chair you made. When she got through, I asked her if it was not the most beautiful letter she ever read. She looked at me with her great big

eyes, and seemed so awful sad. Then she looked out of the window over toward the hills, and sat there until I had to tell her twice that the tea was drawn. I don't think she heard my question; she seems a trifle hard of hearing or absent minded, or something. I often have to say the same thing over. If it is something wrong with her ears, I will take her over to Dr. Peabody's. You know he is first-rate on ears. He cured your pa, once, of a bad attack of one ear. I insisted that he should go to the doctor; but he kept putting it off, and putting it off. And one day I just put on my bonnet and shawl and said, very firm-like, "James, we will go to the doctor's" — and we went. The doctor said if we had put it off another day the case would have been hopeless.

Please read St. Mark viii, 36, and St. John vii, 15-24.

I will send the medicine by express, care of Southern Tavern, and put in the blue woolen stockings which I just heeled off.

Miss Harold read my chapter to me last night. I asked her to pray, as something was the matter with my throat. She just repeated

the Lord's prayer, and I joined her. I am sure that she is a believer, although she has never told me so.

I like to hear her read, and sit and rock, and close my eyes and listen, just as when you used to read to me after you did the chores, and we had had tea and put the things away.

I hope I haven't said anything that sounds like scolding in this letter, for you know I am thankful for such a dutiful son. My constant prayer is, that he may be a God-fearing man.

I put the box of pills in one of the stockings, so they would not get stolen. You don't know who you can trust nowadays.

Yours truly,

P. FORBES.

NUMBER XI.

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO MISS MEREDITH.

Miss Harold suggests a plan for the bettering of Mr. Forbes' condition.

BOSTON, April 16, 1851.

DEAR MISS MEREDITH:—

I know all about your getting the money for Mr. Forbes, so he could start West. I also know of the purse you put in his mother's hands, so that he would know that she was provided for during his absence. But I think it would be well if we could arrange matters so that Mr. Forbes will have employment on the overland trip. If he goes as a mere passenger, it will take considerable of his money to pay expenses; and, worse than this, his mind will be on his condition and on his own affairs. Independence is hygienic.

I think I have a plan whereby, with your help, Mr. Forbes can be benefited. Meet me at the Concord station for the 7.40 train tomorrow morning—we will go down to Cambridge and I will tell you my plans on the way.

To give you a hint now, let me say, we must secure letters from certain dignitaries there, to a man known to me by reputation, in St. Louis, insisting that Mr. Forbes be given employment. When you touch the right spring, the door always flies open.

Sincerely,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER XII.

MISS MARIE MEREDITH TO MISS HAROLD.

Miss Meredith promises her support. — Takes occasion to give her opinion of men, boys, and college professors.

CONCORD, April 16, 1851.

DEAR GIRLIE:—

Just let me throw my arms around your neck, Honor Bright, and kiss your peachblow cheek for the note just received. I must answer at once, and will send this letter down by Grimes' red-headed boy; so, if you do not get it, you will know the rascal has dropped it off the bridge into the river—just to see it

float down stream, as he did with one of my letters once before. If there is anything more untrustworthy than a man, it is a boy. Thank the Lord! I have no use for either, and Providence has protected me from both; except for a couple of days each spring, when the garden must be spaded—and then they always dig where they ought not, and leave undug where they should have dug.

I know Arthur should have work on the overland trip; but how could I, a poor old maid, help him get it? I don't know anyone at St. Louis. I talked with Arthur about this, and he said he thought it was hopeless: as there are so many strong and experienced young men going West, who are anxious to work to pay their way, and of course no one would hire an invalid, anyway.

He said if he could only get strong, then he would find work at something. He seemed a little disappointed, though, about the prospect; for a young lawyer's education is not such as to fit him for handling a pickax gracefully.

Of course I will be at the train in the morn-

ing if rheumatism does not positively forbid. I went down to Cambridge once, and brought them to time, and am not afraid to go again; although a woman does not stand much show at Harvard. Cambridge is made up of students, professors, philistines and cattle. The students are all right, even if they do traverse the sidewalks four abreast; let the philistines grow rich by having their wives keep boarders, or wax wise on picked-up scraps of 'Varsity lore; and I am willing the cattle should chew the contemplative cud in peace; but if all the professors should go up to Lynn on a picnic, they would surely run down a steep place into the sea and be drowned.

“Women lack the ability for consecutive application and are wholly wanting in literary, analytical power,” said Professor Walker. “But, thank the Lord!” said I, “we do not apply ourselves consecutively and analytically to smoking and chewing. Neither do we have the ability to support the saloons. Yes, it is true, we lack ability—you men have it. You fill the colleges—and the jails and penitentiaries, as well—and after awhile you will all go to a

very warm place that is filled with nothing but men." I think Professor Walker will not argue equal rights with me again. But we will call on him to-morrow, and I rather guess he will treat us civilly. If you want any of those fool professors to address your influential man in St. Louis, about getting Arthur work, you must write out the letter and simply have them sign it. You do not know men, my child — they blunder and mix up everything they touch. I do not know why God made them! Where there is important work to do, it is always necessary to call on a woman. To-morrow, at the 7.40 — Providence and rheumatism permitting.

If I am not there, go alone — I will trust you.

Yours lovingly,

MARIE MEREDITH.

NUMBER XIII.

PROF. JARED SPARKS TO COL. H. C. BALCOM.

Jared Sparks, President of Harvard, requests that employment be given to Mr. Forbes. This letter evidently a result of the trip mentioned in previous letter.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
April 17, 1851.

TO COL. H. C. BALCOM.

MY DEAR SIR: I write you this letter on a matter that is of vital importance to several parties concerned. You never failed me when within the bounds of "Fair Harvard," and I know you will not now. What I desire is simply this: Mr. Arthur R. Forbes, '52, will call on you very soon; I want you to get him a position in an overland train for California, in any capacity where he can let his services pay his way. He is a rare soul; a little depressed physically—but I need not explain further. When you see him, your good common-sense will tell you what is wanted, and then I know you will do it.

Sincerely yours, JARED SPARKS.

I concur in the above request.

JAS. WALKER.

NUMBER XIV.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO COL. H. C.
BALCOM.

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE,
HARVARD COLLEGE,

BOSTON, April 17, 1851.

MY DEAR ALUMNUS:—

I write to say that you will be favored with a call, within a few days, from Mr. Arthur Forbes, class of '52, as fine a young man as ever wrestled with a Greek verb. He is making an overland trip for the benefit of his health, and I am anxious he should have employment on the way, instead of going as a passenger. We all need work, as you have often heard me say; and those who are ill should have right mental occupation, in order that nature may heal. Put Forbes in somewhere, so he will think he is useful, and I am always your debtor.

We are all glad to hear of your promotion, and on each Commencement Anniversary you must wear the crimson tied to a shining button on your manly breast.

Fraternally yours, O. W. HOLMES.

NUMBER XV.

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY
FORBES.

*Miss Harold writes her first letter to Mr. Forbes.
Gives advice at variance from what he has
received from others.*

[This letter was as much of a surprise to me as it doubtless was to Mr. Forbes.

By chance, I read the various other letters written by Miss Harold, herein published, before I read this. My estimate of the young lady was that she possessed a mind of rare discrimination, clear insight and the delicate, subtle intuition which is found only in women of the highest type; animated, yet reserved; modest, but not prudish; thoroughly kind; always gentle, considerate, sympathetic and appreciative; never indulging in the abuse of the superlative or asserting herself bluntly and arbitrarily.

The abrupt manner of this letter, I now believe, was caused by the thought that Forbes' condition was extremely critical; that hope was reduced to a feeble, fitful flame; and this exercise of will, on her part, was only meant to arouse him until he could get into a position where nature's healing forces could act. In the quiet village she had heard much of Forbes, and his many manly traits had appealed to her. The letter written to his mother, which she had

read, had thoroughly enlisted her sympathies. Her motives were purely disinterested; and that she showed the rare good sense which only a woman possesses, in thus securing employment for Mr. Forbes, is very evident.

There may be those who have traveled further into the realm of romance than I, who will say that Forbes and this woman had met and loved. Eyes had looked into eyes, heart had responded to heart, soul spoken to soul; and that she should thus interest herself in his welfare was the most natural thing on earth. That he looked for this letter—longed for it—and, when it came, it caused his heart to leap with joy; and, in thus receiving a letter written by her he loved, the satisfaction was curative. Perhaps these metaphysicians have as good a right to their theories as those who differ from them. It is not for me to stand arbiter; I merely record the facts as they appear.]

ON CARS BETWEEN CONCORD AND BOSTON,

April 18, 8.15 A. M.

MR. ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES:—

I make no apology for addressing you, and writing on this scrap of paper with a lead pencil. It is necessary for me to explain, however, that I am at present boarding with your mother; and, for fear you will not recollect me, let me say, that I formerly lived with the family of Mr. Bronson Alcott, and had the pleasure

of seeing you at Mr. Alcott's, on two different occasions.

I am aware that your physical difficulty began with the boat race, last June; when the collision occurred, and you were in the water so long, rescuing the men. But I bring you good news, and I know whereof I speak. *You are to get well*—stronger than ever; and your health will come flowing back from the very instant you read these lines.

The tide runs out until it looks as if Charles River would be emptied; but by and by it turns, and great ships of war come floating in—clear up to Mt. Auburn. Have you not seen them? But with this difference in the simile: the tide of health that is now setting toward you, will not ebb. Tides act according to the law of nature, which is the law of God. What strength there must be in a force set in motion by the Infinite! He is our strength, and when you read this, say to yourself, over and over—“He who causes the tides of the sea is my strength.” He himself has said His work was very good; and I know it is His desire that a strong, athletic young man should

become a stronger one, and evolve into a man of wisdom, and thus reflect back somewhat of the goodness of his Creator, in whose likeness man was made.

Now, hold constantly in your mind these thoughts. Forget the pills and powders; throw them away, if you please, but not into the Missouri River—for I heard you say, the last evening I saw you, that one of your professors had remarked, “If all the medicine in the world was thrown into the sea it would be a good thing for mankind, but bad for the fishes.” Just forget all about yourself, and forget the medicine, and remember that drugs have no power to impart life; all life is from God. You are God’s child—you are in God’s hand. Hold firmly this truth, and your life and strength will all come back.

By the way, Col. H. C. Balcom, 79 Front Street, St. Louis, has an important message for you; please see him at once.

You need not write to me, for I shall see the letters you send to your mother. *The tide is coming in.*

Very respectfully,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER XVI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The visit of Misses Harold and Meredith to Harvard is graphically described. It causes very peculiar psychic disturbances in Mr. Holworthy's atmosphere.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
CAMBRIDGE, April 19.

DEAR OLD CHUM:—

My pulse has been eighty-eight for a week, temperature five above normal. Cause why, old man?

Well, Bridges has gone to a powwow, and I will pull down the blinds, look under the bed and behind the door, then I will turn the key in the lock, and tell you all about it.

The Iris came down, Wednesday, with your Aunt Marie—must have left Concord on the 7.40. They walked down North Avenue and I saw them first as they were going through the west gate, and the left ventricle of my heart seemed to fill and stay there. Skin became warm, moist, and suffused. Then cold; and

Bridges said he thought coma would follow, with *rigor-mortis* in due time. But I soon got all right. They went straight to Sparks' office, as I saw positively; for I had business over that way about the same time. They stayed, say five minutes, and came out very smiling, old Sparks walking with them nearly to Boylston, bare-headed. So I am sure he did not bluff them; and whatever it was they tackled him for, they got—and if they had nailed *me*, I am sure I would have signed away everything, down to the prospective M. D., if only those blue eyes had looked into mine.

Her whole figure seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of ethereal sweetness—the spirit of dreamland, with all its serene blissfulness, covered her round.

They went on toward Dane, and I followed after. I thought I had lost them there; and, although it lacked twenty-five minutes of time for the lecture, I went in and waited. And, old man, my heart failed to contract, or something; I grew purple in the face—for, as I live, when I went into the lecture room there they were. And she came right up to me and

held out the prettiest hand I ever saw; not small, and not large, but long tapering fingers. And so alive, odorous, soft, lovable, and so sensitive was that hand, that I felt a thrill clear through me, as I touched her finger-tips. I would have fallen had not Aunt Marie asked, "How's your mother and your sister and your uncle when you last heard from home — and all the folks?" I recovered my breath enough to say it was a fine day, and that it looked like rain — and got them a couple of chairs. They wanted to see Dr. Holmes (he is giving the course in Physiology this year), and said they would wait for him. Aunt Marie took out her knitting, and whacked away at a white stocking which was about two feet long; and, as the boys came strolling in, the stocking caught their eye. Aunt Marie knitted as if the success of Harvard depended on her getting the toe of that stocking finished in ten minutes. The needles flew, the ball rolled down under the benches; and she called to a Senior — "Sonny, crawl under the benches and bring that ball back." Then the boys, who had been pretending not to know we were there, just roared.

How they did look over at us, as I stood talking to her! She would look up at me, once in a while, and say, "That is true," and smile or nod assent to what I said. But she did not have much to say herself. I made a fool of myself, old chum. I talked like a windmill, about everything and nothing—of art, the weather, poetry, Spitz dogs, education, John Ruskin, and baked beans as an inspirer of the poetic fancy.

I know she hates me; yet, when she went away, she reached out the same pretty hand, with the long tapering fingers and the thrilling warm touch. They talked with Dr. Holmes only a minute, and he signed some sort of a paper they had. He is always very polite and gracious, you know, and he seemed this time more so than ever. He treated your aunt as if she was the Queen of Spain, and of the Netherlands besides. *She* wasn't the queen, though—it was the other. You never saw her, I guess: tall, slender, and full a head above Aunt Marie. Wore some sort of a blue dress; was so stately, dignified, and so knowing, although she did

not say much. Just listened, smiled a little, now and then, and looked at me with her big blue eyes. The finest teeth I ever saw! Hair, not exactly blonde; auburn, perhaps. No, not that — one lock I saw looked as if the sun was shining on it — and all was wavy; sort of a coil on top, I thought, although her bonnet covered it. But come and kick me, old man, for being a fool and not talking sensibly to a splendid woman who knows more than all the books in Gore Hall. Talk about admitting women to Harvard! Don't you think it possible that they may, some day? As I am a sinner, I would die, gladly, if she was sick and a transfusion of my blood would cure her; she should have my last corpuscle, red or white. Yes, old man, I'd bare my neck and let them stick a scalpel chuck into my jugular, if it would benefit her.

But about admitting women to colleges: how I would like to hold the ladder and help her over the Harvard wall. Better still, old man — better, a thousand times — if she was *in* Harvard and willing to leave, I would help her over the wall and out. Keep the room alone,

Bridges! You can have my books. Good-bye, sheepskin and the M. D.—I want you not. Over the fence is out — “me and she.”

JACK.

NUMBER XVII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES.

Col. Balcom takes an interest in our hero's welfare. Fashionable raiment packed away; army trousers, flannel shirt, boots and sombrero take their place. No use for umbrellas. “The sun coming out and the tide coming in.”

ST. LOUIS MO., April 25.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

I am born into a new world; and, if you could gaze on me as I write, I am sure you would disown me. Let me tell you how it has come about. Monday morning I received a call from Col. Balcom, class of '46. How he knew I was here, I cannot imagine. Possibly he saw my name in the list of the hotel arrivals; but even this would not explain it. How did he know that I was a Harvard man? Well, never mind—he sent his card up to my room, and

then followed it himself, without waiting to see if I was at home. As I glanced at his jaunty blue jacket, top boots, and brass buttons, I thought that he had come to arrest me for running away from home; for I knew not a soul in St. Louis, and why should this sprightly, manly fellow in blue, with a big pistol stuck through his belt, want to see a sick man from Concord? His waxed mustache looked very fierce, as he asked, "Are you Forbes '52?" None but a college man ever uses such an expression as that, and I smiled and said, "Yes; what class are you?" He smiled, too, and said, "'46, without honors, and only by hard cramming and cribbing, at that! Forbes," he continued, without stopping for breath, "I want a man to take a place as driver in a wagon train which starts for the Rockies to-morrow; pay, eight dollars per month, and found—where can I find him?" "I am the man," said I. "Be at the barracks in an hour. The address is on my card." And he whirled on his heel, gave a jerking military salute and was gone.

It seems too good to be true. Here I have

been fretting about what I should do — was afraid I could not get a place as passenger, even by paying high for the privilege — and, on my first day in St. Louis, the mountain comes to Mahomet. “Eight dollars a month, and found.” Now, I propose to save my money, and when I have a hundred thousand dollars — Let’s see! “Eight dollars per month, and found.” But what is to be “found,” and where do we find it? I suppose I will find out to-morrow.

Well, mother, dear, I went down to the barracks; which is only a big warehouse on the river front, all piled full of cotton, rope, tents, and what not. A flag was flying in front, and two cannons were planted for hitching posts at the door.

I found Col. Balcom in an office partitioned off in one corner, about the busiest man in St. Louis. He was signing orders, and giving directions about the wagons. Goods were being unloaded, and reported, and we had no time to visit. “No time even to give the college yell, have we, Forbes?” said he. Then, looking me over, “You are well dressed. Your

suit was made in Bromfield Street; and you got your necktie and the linen shirt with the high collar at the store under the Tremont House. Yes, I have bought stacks of trumpery there, too."

"Here, Joe," he called, to a smart-looking mulatto; "go over to the Southern, pay Mr. Forbes' bill and bring all his baggage here." I endeavored to protest, but he waived me off by saying, "O, yes, I know; he can pack your things all right — better than you can yourself."

The young colored man soon returned with my trunk, and Balcom smiled at the size of it. "You must leave this with me. Now come up-stairs, and we will select you a suit." We went into a room filled with the odor of tar; where, piled all around on the shelves, were stacks of clothing. Balcom picked me out a heavy, coarse flannel shirt, and said, "Lively, now! There are twelve men waiting for me down-stairs. Get into this, quick! Now, then; try on these trousers! — There! They do not look so bad. Now, these boots!" I put on the boots and they seemed to weigh

ten pounds apiece. "With the help of woolen stockings like these, your feet will keep warm," he said.

"Oh, get out!" answered Balcom, "you don't need any suspenders!" And he buckled around my waist a leather belt, stuck two pistols through it, and said, "Mind you don't load these for at least a week. I'll bet you never shot one off. Some of the boys will show you how they work. Now, get into this jacket!" It was too small; so he hunted around for another, and finally got one with sleeves long enough. "Now, a hat!" And he took down a seven and a quarter white hat, such as you never saw in all your life—the brim looks two feet wide, and there is a strap around it for a band.

"How much money have you?" said he. "Two hundred dollars? Well, there is a pocket in your shirt; sew it in to-night. Yes; take your watch. Tie this big handkerchief around your neck. Put all those clothes in your trunk; then lock the trunk, and Joe will seal it and give you a receipt." "But," said I, "I must have a change of underclothing."

"Nonsense," said he; "do you suppose we run this wagon train to carry baggage for you teamsters? All you want, now, is one of those long oilskin overcoats for bad weather; a rubber blanket, and a woolen one, which you can pick out for yourself. Come around to the office at six o'clock, and we'll get supper." The colonel jerked me a salute and disappeared, while Joe and I repacked my trunk. "Can't I take my umbrella?" I asked of the negro. "No, sah; I reckon you bettah do as marse de kunnel say, or he chuck you in de gyard house, an' make you pack a fence rail all de nex' day. You musn't give de kunnel any back slack—he won't hab it."

"But, Joe," I pleaded; "I must have writing material." "Oh, you can git paper and pen, I reckon, from the capt'in ob de wagon train." "And how about my stockings and underclothes? Are there laundry facilities along the route?" The young colored man laughed a little more than I think servants should, and said, "Why, you does you' own washin', on Sunday. Dey lays up along some crick, an' instid of goin' to church, you cleans up you'

duds; greases you' boots an' harness; brightens up you' pistols, an' sits aroun' an' tells lies. Have you got de ager, boss? You looks like you hab de chills. You bettah not stay in heah; but jes git you' rubber blanket and de odder — git a good heavy one, now! Here, boss! Don't say nuffin about it; we'll jes sew two of 'em double — so — git you' overcoat, an' tie it up in a roll. Now, go out an' take a nap on a cotton bale, in de sun; it am de best thing fer chills what am."

I took his friendly advice; and, using the rolled-up blanket for a pillow, I picked out a cotton bale that lay at a comfortable angle in the sun, and thought I would take a little nap. I slept two hours; and just woke up, a little while ago, and am writing this letter with a pencil, as you see, on paper Joe brought me from the office.

It is much warmer here than in Massachusetts, at this time of year — quite like summer. I feel better than at any time since I left you. We say that all life comes from the sun — I guess the sunshine and the sleep did me good. I have been saying all day, "God

is my strength!" For surely all the strength we have does come from Him; and God is strength, not weakness.

And then, all along this trip, I have been so fearful and hesitating — so afraid things would not come out right. I have made a hundred plans, and then kicked them over. And here I am, sitting on a cotton bale, as warm, comfortable and happy as if I owned this entire levee, with the hundred busy teams I can count, and two hundred "niggers" — and the big steamboat (blowing off steam) were all mine, too.

We leave at six o'clock in the morning. Just what my duties will be, I do not know; but Balcom says, "Rest easy, Forbes! I won't put you in any place where you cannot get along, depend on it."

If you direct to Sedalia, Mo., I will get it. We are to stop there three days.

The sun is so warm and pleasant, I think I will just take another nap.

The tide is coming in.

Your loving son,

ARTHUR.

NUMBER XVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The start. Relay riders. A curious character called "Gooseberry Jake" appears on the horizon. A financial scheme. Rattlesnake Pete. Is it only women who put the emphatic message in a postscript?

CAMP, BEAR CREEK, May 2, 1851.

DEAR OLD CHUM:—

I was so fortunate, in St. Louis, as to get a situation as driver in a Government wagon train, bound for the Rockies. I get my board and soldier's pay, which is better than going as a passenger and paying fare. There is no railroad through this far, yet; and no regular stage coaches, either. The mail is carried on horseback by relay riders, who ride night and day, doing ten miles an hour. Two hundred and forty miles a day—two thousand four hundred and sixty miles in ten days. One of these riders passed our camp a little while ago. We heard the pattering hoof beats of his horse, several miles away, and the tinkle of the single sleigh-bell attached to his martingale. We gave

him a cheer as he passed, he answered back without slowing up; and I have been sitting here by the camp fire, listening to the sound of the hurrying hoofs, and the tinkling bell, as they died away in the distance.

We left St. Louis at six o'clock last Wednesday morning. I went around to the yards where the wagons were, and reported to the captain. "Oh! you are the 'tenderfoot,' are you?" he snorted. I explained that my feet were all right; it was my throat—a mere bronchial affection, which I hoped would soon pass away. He stared at me; then laughed, and shouted, "Well, don't stand around! You hook on these two mules to that ammunition wagon. It has springs, and won't be so hard for you. You don't look as if you could pull the strings over four, to say nothin' of six. When you git hitched on, close up behind the big six-mule wagon with the red tail-gate, and stay there. When the big wagon goes, you go; and mind you keep in your place. That is all you have to do: foller Gooseberry Jake, who drives the big wagon." Off he went, swearing at a fellow who was trying to get a balky horse into

its place. I managed to get my two mules hitched up, some way or other. They are old, scarred-up, weather-beaten animals, and very gentle. I have named one Ariadne and the other Bacchus, and a great friendship has sprung up among us three. At first they seemed to expect a kick every time I came near them; but now Bacchus rubs his nose against my sleeve, to show his good-will. Ariadne, as is meet, is yet a trifle shy, but looks at Bacchus who waves his ears, endeavoring to reassure her.

There are forty-eight wagons in the train, some of them covered with canvas which is stretched over hoops, making them look like tents. Mine, which is covered in this way, is loaded with ammunition, and is much lighter than the others, and on rubber "springs" — although I don't feel much spring to them.

Jacob Buckthorn, who drives the wagon ahead of me, told me a story yesterday, about an ammunition wagon that once got run away with, by a "pesky team of jack-rabbits" (as he calls the mules); they ran the wagon into a gulch and the whole thing exploded in a

“holy second.” Nothing was ever found of the driver, but a tenpenny nail which he used for a button on his trousers. “One of the mules was white and t’other was black,” said Mr. Buckthorn, “and somehow the explosion never hurt the mules, ’cept to singe their tails a little, but it scared them so that the black mule turned all of a sudden white, and the white mule turned black.”

Mr. Buckthorn is a small man, serious, sober, and never smiles. We were sitting on a little bank by the roadside where we had stopped for dinner. After he told the story he paused and expectorated straight at a fly ten feet away. He is the most profane man I ever knew; but his swearing is so artistic it excites my admiration. He curses his six mules all together, then one at a time; then he curses them by parts—damning their eyes, ears, tails, etc. He has a whip with a lash eighteen feet long which he swings round and round his head, then snaps it over the ears of the leaders with a report like a pistol shot. He holds his lines all in one hand, and handles the whip with the other, keeping one foot on

the brake. As we drive along lazily, I amuse myself by watching him. He does not talk very much, but when he does get started he is very entertaining. He can read and write, which is more than most of the drivers can do. We have become fast friends; for, in spite of his bad language, he has a tender heart and has told me much about his folks in Arkansas.

At first I thought he was cruel to his mules, but I soon found that he never let the lash strike them. They call him "Gooseberry Jake" on account of a plan he talks of, for planting gooseberry bushes on the plains of Kansas. He explained to me that there are great numbers of large rabbits (called jack-rabbits) on these prairies. They multiply very fast, and eat up all the shrubs planted by the settlers, completely ruining the orchards. But the thorns on the gooseberries protect the plants. He says gooseberries grow wherever cactus will. The bushes require little water, and no cultivation. The alkali of the plains is exactly fitted to their wants — alkali being purchased in vast quantities by gardeners in the East, to put on their gardens.

Pennaworth, you know, in the Divinity School, is greatly interested in horticulture. Now, Jack, you see him, and get all the facts that you can about this gooseberry subject, and let me know if it is practicable. The crop is sure, they say — no insect destroying the fruit, as is often the case with currants. And if Mr. Buckthorn is right, that the four-year-old bushes will produce at the rate of three thousand dollars' worth to the acre, there certainly is something in it. His plan is to simply gather the berries and press out the juice and pulp, putting this in barrels and shipping it to St. Louis dealers, who will be glad to buy it for making up into wine, jam, vinegar, preserves, ketchup, etc. I haven't many hopes for the plan, but you know I will never be satisfied with eight dollars a month. No hurry; better write me at St. Joseph within a week after you get this.

Another eccentric son of Adam in our train is Rattlesnake Pete, so called on account of a string of rattlesnake tails that serve him for a hat-band. Pete has three notches cut in the butt of his pistol, and is said to be a "bad

man." As to his depravity I cannot speak; but last night was quite cool, and, on awaking this morning, I found an extra blanket covering me, with Pete's "brand" on it. It seems that men of this name are given to denial; for, when I accused him of putting this blanket on my bed, he acknowledged the blanket was "his'n," but swore, with several unnecessary oaths, that he did not know how it got there. Jake afterward told me that in the night he saw Rattlesnake Pete tiptoe across and spread the blanket over me, and then quickly go back to his own bunk. Here Jacob paused, and, after a moment's reflection, impressively expectorated and said: "If Rattlesnake Pete says he didn't put that er blanket over ye, he is a —— ——— dirty liar — that's all I hev to say!" And silence reigned.

The first day out, I thought I should drop off and die by the roadside. It was foggy and damp, early in the morning, and I got chilled; but the sun came out about nine o'clock, and I then felt better. But the continual jolt of the wagon made my side ache. At night we camped-out beside a stream in the edge of the

woods. Mr. Buckthorn was very kind, and showed me how to tether my mules. We had supper of hot coffee, potatoes baked in the ashes, and the cook of our mess made corn-bread, baking it on a hot shovel. We drank the coffee out of tin cups. I was so tired I could hardly stand, but Buckthorn said I had "a great mouth for grub;" and surely I never tasted food that was so acceptable. Buckthorn made my bed under the wagon, by simply laying down the rubber blanket; and I put the wagon seat under my head for a pillow—then the blanket over me. At five o'clock the bugle call awoke me. I had slept straight through—something I have not done for three months. I felt pretty stiff and sore, but the cook had the coffee hot; and the excitement of the camp—getting the animals together, and loading up, made me forget myself, so I did not think of my usual morning coughing spell until well toward noon, and of course there was then no time to go back and have it.

With regards to all the boys, I am, as ever,

ARTHUR.

P. S. You seem to be quite favorably

impressed with Miss Harold — I understand she is a very worthy person.

NUMBER XIX.

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH TO ARTHUR RIPLEY
FORBES.

*Mr. Pennaworth awake to the financial side.
Theories versus Facts. "The Welsh variety
of Lepus Cuniculus."*

CAMBRIDGE, May 10, 1851.

A. R. FORBES.

MY DEAR BROTHER: At our regular society meeting, last evening, a letter was read from you, addressed to our mutual friend and brother, J. Holworthy.

The plan you outline in reference to planting the plains, or what is known on Colton's Atlas as "the Great American Desert," with the *Ribes Grossularia*, I deem entirely practicable. This plant needs a semi-tropical climate and a soil well charged with alkaline salts. As it sends roots well downward, very little moisture is required. My younger brother has some

fine specimens of *Lepus Cuniculus* (commonly known as rabbit); and, to test the matter, I secured from the Harvard Botanical Gardens several large slips of the *Ribes Grossularia*, and fed to them. The rabbits show a great fondness for it, and I deem the thorns no disadvantage; as they ate the stems, thorns and all. We can safely trust nature in such cases, and I do not hesitate to say that the rabbits will thrive on it.

I also find your statement to the effect that rabbits multiply very rapidly is correct—all authorities supporting you. (See Xenophon, page 261, Wrangham translation; Audubon, 11-2; Wood, 162; Baxter, 199.) I understand you to say that there is a ready market in St. Louis for all the rabbits that can be procured; and if, for any unknown reason, they should fail to multiply, the fruit from the *Ribes Grossularia* could then be sold at a good profit. The entire scheme looks very hopeful to me; and, if you organize a stock company to operate the plan, I think I can borrow a few hundred dollars from my aunt to put in. Of course I will always be very glad to give you the advantage

of my technical knowledge (if I may be allowed the expression).

You were looking very poorly when I saw you last; but my earnest prayer is that you may, in time, be fully restored to health and usefulness.

Yours faithfully,

H. PENNAWORTH.

P. S. I would suggest the Welsh variety of the *Lepus Cuniculus*, as probably being the best known on the market.

H. P.

NUMBER XX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Gooseberry Jake to have a degree for "valuable contributions to science." Typical college scenes. Aunt Marie ill. The mill stock.

CAMBRIDGE, May 13, 1851.

DEAR OLD MAN:—

I read your letter at the Phi Beta Kappa, and you should have heard the boys shout when I sat down.

Bridges got the eye of the chair and proposed that the degree of Ph. D. be bestowed on Gooseberry Jake for valuable contributions to science, and that a suitable present be purchased and forwarded to him in recognition of his great kindness to our Arthur of the Round Table. Before the motion could be put, someone with strong lungs shouted, "Three cheers for Bacchus!" I never saw the boys quite so jolly over anything as they were to hear of your returning health, and several speeches were made that must have caused your ears to tingle. I will not tell you what they said; you might get inflated with your own importance, and make it unpleasant for the camp. When the meeting broke up, it was with a Rah, Rah, Rah, Fifty-two, Staunch and True, Rah, Rah, Rah, F-O-R-B-E-S. Then, as we were filing out, someone started it again: Rah, Rah, Rah, B-U-C-K-T-H-O-R-N.

To change the subject: Miss Harold plays the violin delightfully. I have some talent in that direction, and believe I will have her give me lessons.

Was up to Concord, Sunday, on business.

Called to see your Aunt Marie. She's down flat with rheumatism — awful! You know that all the money she has — about seven thousand dollars — is invested in the Livingston Mill at Lowell. Well, they are tied up some way, through the infringement suit, and failed to pay the dividend which should have been sent out on the 1st. The papers say it's only temporary, and that the money will be paid early in June.

Aunt Marie is such a fidgety old creature, she was fretting and stewing because the money had not come. She gives her money away, and would, no matter how much she had; but I was afraid the dividend being held back would make her worse. The money is paid through the Concord Bank, you know. I happened to call on your mother and was talking to Miss Harold about it, when the idea struck me that if we could manage to pay the funds over to Aunt Marie now, it would stop her worry. I explained that the dividend will be paid on June 1st, anyhow, so whoever furnishes the money to the old lady will only have to wait three weeks; I can see the bank,

tell them that I had advanced the money, and when the dividend comes they can pay it to me—I know them well.

She looked at me with her big blue eyes (what eyes they are, old chum!), and said, quietly: “So you are sure the money will be paid by the mill company on June 1st, are you, Mr. Holworthy?” (I would give my last cent, and sheepskin besides, to hear her call me Jack!) “Oh, yes,” said I; “I know it positively!” (Of course, old man, I did not know it positively; but a rich company like that cannot fail!)

“Well,” said she, “Mr. Holworthy, I will supply you the one hundred and eighty dollars, and you can give it to Miss Meredith. Then, when the money comes at the bank, you can get it and repay me, as you propose.”

So she gave me a check on the Hide and Leather, Boston; and I got the money Monday and went up to Concord on the 10.15. Aunt Marie was worse than ever when I arrived at the little house. “Well, ‘Auntie,’” said I, “here’s your money at last!”—and I tossed the roll of bills on the bed. “The mill has paid

the dividend, and their statement says the next may be a double one, as they are making money hand over fist, and have won in their lawsuit." There is nothing like cheering up sick folks, you know, my boy; and it did make the old woman feel good. She had subscribed an amount to a fool society down in Boston for teaching colored people to read and write; and because she could not pay her dues, it kind of struck in on her, I guess.

Honor — that is, Miss Harold — is quite well fixed. You know she is the only daughter of the commodore who died a year ago. When I got the check cashed I asked the teller how much balance she had. He stared at me and asked if I was her attorney. "Not exactly," said I; "but I am her doctor." I winked at the fellow, and tried to smile, but he just passed out the money and reached for the next man's check.

Women without religion are like flowers without perfume, I have heard. The Goddess is religious, and it is strange she has never tried to bring me over to her way of thinking; and in fact I have not yet even been able to

find out to what church she belongs. Now, when I was converted, two years ago last winter, at the big revival, I wanted to stop everyone I met and bring them over to the Lord's side. But as I have changed my religion three times since you left, and do not exactly know where I stand now, I will not endeavor to proselyte at this writing.

I am going up to see your mother again Sunday.

About the gooseberry scheme, Arthur: I have talked with Pennaworth about it — rather hurriedly, though; he will write you soon.

With great regard for my dear old chum, I am,

Ever and always,

JACK.

P. S. The powwow comes off next week, in the big hall — over five hundred seats reserved. I've got my part of the debate down fine. It's unanswerable, my boy — there's consolation in that!

NUMBER XXI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

A great question debated.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 20, 1851.

DEAR OLD MAN:—

The debate came off last night, and to-day my vertebra is hardly strong enough to uphold the torso.

The question was, "Resolved: Woman's sphere is ministering to man's needs." I was on the negative; with Mitchell and Sayles, right and left bowers.

Affirmative: Bond, Ducton, and Pennaworth. Bond shied his castor in the ring first, and struck right and left. My pores began to open, and you would have thought I had taken a diaphoretic. The sweat just rolled down my collar, and I gasped: "God help us, we are undone! Where is my hat!"

Mitchell followed; cool, clear and logical — not in the least rattled. He is always charmingly good-natured and clear-headed. He

mopped the floor with Bond, and when he sat down I felt as good as if I had just had three cocktails. (Lemon and a little sugar, please !)

Ducton, who is a son of old Mr. and Mrs. Ducton, then bored the audience for thirty minutes, and they all nodded assent. (They were asleep, old man.)

I had practiced on my speech for weeks, and thought I had it by the tail ; but—gracious jingo!—as the chairman said, “We will now have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Holworthy,” my knees grew awful weak, and when I walked on the platform the boys said I acted as if I were walking through tall grass. I thought the floor was going to fly up and hit me. I glanced over the audience, and it looked like a thousand-legged worm, with all the legs clapping together ; and the creature had rows upon rows of eyes, all staring at your Jack.

I started in, but my voice squeaked in high C, and I tried it again.

“Louder! Louder!” someone yelled. “Give it to 'em, Jack!”—I got my wind by this time, and made a home run, without a skip,

from one end of the speech to the other; was afraid to stop for breath, pause or inflection for fear I would forget the words. So I put in all the gestures in a bunch, at the last, which brought down the house.

The boys applauded with unction. But I am almost afraid it was left-handed. They sent up a basket of flowers and I thought at first it was from the Iris; but they were only artificial, dead stock — from some milliner's.

Then Sayles sailed in, to tie up all the loose ends we had left flying. Sayles is a sailor from Saylesville — the brightest little man that ever thawed out an Upernavik audience. He was funny, persuasive, then logical; and I said: "Yes; we have them now! There is nothing left for 'em to say! In fact, the judges might as well call the debate closed and give the decision in our favor, as Pennaworth is only a drone, anyway." But Lord help us, Arthur! Pennaworth began slow, and talked ten minutes without saying anything; but I saw his voice kept getting louder and louder, his long arms began to work like a windmill, and he grew red in the face. He flung his manuscript on the carpet and

waded into that audience as I never heard a speaker before. He rushed from one side of the platform to the other, kicked, stamped, foamed at the mouth, snorted, roared and shouted; he quoted from everything and everybody; poetry, history, statistics — all paid tribute — and pathos, bathos, sarcasm and ridicule played their parts. Then he took us up, one after the other: riddled our arguments, scouted our premises, flouted our conclusions and hooted our eloquence.

I saw we were done for — I smiled a sickly, cast-iron smile; my collar wilted, and I tried to sink down in my chair so no one could see me.

They called time on Pennaworth, but he would not stop; and it took four men to force him into a chair, or he would have been shouting yet. The judges gave decision against us without leaving the stage. They said: "The masterly argument of Mr. Pennaworth makes our duty very plain. Affirmative wins."

It was a sad defeat for us, old man. If you had been here, you would have taken my place and turned the tide; but Penny is a good one

on his feet. Mitchell took notes on his speech, and I send them herewith—hope you can make 'em out. Worst thing about this is—the tall Iris said she knew I would win. I don't care for myself, but she will feel awful bad.

Yours always,

J. HOLWORTHY.

P. S. I am safe on the Latin exam.: 92—. Congratulate me.

I have written and sent to the Goddess, one sonnet a day for six days—fourteen lines in a sonnet, you know. I thought I could keep it up for a month or more, when I started in; but the last one nearly “died a borning,” and the next may bring me to bed entirely.

JACK.

NUMBER XXII.

NOTES TAKEN BY MR. MITCHELL ON SPEECH
OF MR. PENNAWORTH.

SUBJECT: "*Woman's Sphere.*"

Proper sphere of woman is reproduction and ministering to welfare of man. "God completed his work in six days and pronounced it good." (Gen. i, 31.) We here see God was satisfied with his work after he had made Adam, and before he had made woman.

The woman was a mere after-thought—a mistake. Has not proven to be what God expected. Disappointment both to God and Adam. No man ever found her what he expected.

"Man created in image of God," woman not. "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man." (1 Corinthians i, 1-2.) Much difference between God and man as between man and woman.

No sane man calls man equal to God; therefore — conversely. No proof that woman

is created in image of God. Animals all caused to pass before Adam; not primarily so he should name them, but so he could select helpmeet.

Hard to please, so woman was made for his special benefit. Doll made for child never equal to child. Neither can doll legally assume administration of child's affairs. Woman talks to serpent. No serpent could speak Greek or Hebrew, so woman must know serpent language. Long conversation. Woman not surprised when serpent accosted her — used to it. Beast herself, and knows language of beasts. Woman has gradually reached her present state by constant association with man — must not be allowed to usurp. "Suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man." (1 Timothy ii, 12.)

Commandments only for man; as, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," applied only to man. No woman was allowed to testify in court in Hebrew times, for could not be trusted to tell truth.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass," No woman

covets neighbor's wife; woman always hates neighbor's wife. Hebrews—chosen people of God—were allowed to sell daughters same as ox or ass. (Exodus xxi, 7.) Hebrew prayer-books say, "Blessed God, Maker of the universe and mighty in wisdom, I thank thee that thou hast not made me a woman." (Hebrew word here for woman can be translated either beast or woman.)

God always masculine; all angels masculine—Gabriel, Malachia, etc. No woman in heaven. Proof—disciples asked Jesus whose wife the woman would be in heaven after having seven husbands here. "In heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage." (Mark xii, 19–25.) When the gods wanted female society they always had to come to earth. If woman were admitted to heaven, would surely force marriage on man. "For cause": chief business of woman is to get husband—habit fixed in nature.

No place in scripture is she promised everlasting life. Jesus said, "Woman, what have I to do with thee." (John ii, 4.) Jesus came to save only men, as this clearly

shows. "I am the God of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob." Never said he was God of Rebecca, Sarah or Rachel. Man received his commission to be "ruler over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field," before woman was created. All lineage in bible given by males, females no account—not worth mentioning. "God breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul." God never breathed into *her* nostrils—cannot be called a soul. Body different from man; more albumen in blood, corpuscles different, etc.; original ingredients used in manufacture different.

No female animals equal males: only male birds sing—female tigers lack all beauty. But tiger qualities in all females. Lacks courage, strength and beauty. "But I find more bitter than death the woman; whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands." (Ecclesiastes vii, 26.)

"Let woman learn in silence, with all subjection." (1 Timothy ii, 4.)

"If a woman would have knowledge let her ask her husband." (St. Paul.) "Who can find a virtuous woman?" (Prov.)

Man only has been recognized by Deity. All prophets, men — witches, women. In Hebrew, Adam, Enoch, Ish; Greek, Anthropos; Latin, Homo; German, Mann; Slavic, Chlovec; Hungarian, Ember. All these mean man. Man and Deity always parsed masculine.

NUMBER XXIII.

MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

A news-letter from the good mother. Tells of her doubts, hopes and fears. Gives advice as to care of health and other matters.

CONCORD, May 13, 1851.

MY DEAR SON:—

I was very glad indeed to get your letter. Miss Harold read it over to me when she brought it from the office. For, although the tea was waiting, I wanted to hear how you are. Then, when supper was nearly over, I thought I would like to hear it again.

Miss Harold passed her cup back twice, and said of course she would read it again, and we

waxed quite merry over your account of the colored young gentleman. Is he a slave, Arthur, and do you think they treat him well? And does he really belong to Mr. Balcom? or did he only borrow him! I knew Harry Balcom's mother in Sudbury, before she was married; she was one of the Davises. She is gone now. It is better that she should, than to live to see her fourth son by her first husband, a slaveholder. I pray I may never come to this.

Miss Harold says you mean by "the tide coming in," that you are better and that your health is coming back. I am very glad to hear it, but it would have been just as well for you to have said so in plain English. You did not say how your throat was or whether you cough much nights.

I hope your new friends will not make you forget your duty to your old mother. The other letters you wrote had much more love in them than this one.

You surely must be out of medicine before this, and I hope you have had the prescriptions the doctor sent filled.

Be very careful, Arthur, about breathing the night air or sitting down on the ground. Your poor pa's trouble began from just a cold got by going around the house in his stocking-feet, after I told him not to. I think you should continue soaking your feet in hot mustard water just before you go to bed. Be careful to wear the flannel night gown I made you, until June, when you can wear the cotton if you wish.

Do you drink any coffee, Arthur? It is bad for the nerves. I would not eat much meat, either. I think it was that, that made you have the feverish spells.

Miss Harold helped me rake the front yard and we have had the man spade the garden. He dug right into the asparagus before I could stop him. I gave him a piece of my mind. We will make the beds to-morrow; that is, the peas and beets. Will plant the potatoes with two eyes in a hill. Your pa always put in more, but it is awful wasteful, and I used to tell him so, but it did no good.

Miss Harold says we should always talk of pleasant things, and let the bad alone. For

my part, I always have done so. Then she began naming over the good things I have. And it *is* a blessing, Arthur, to have a nice little house all paid for, with six apple-trees, two plums, and an asparagus bed, even if that stupid man did dig in it. And, with the money you gave me the day you left, there is nearly two hundred dollars in the bank. Miss Harold says you will soon be well and making money, and that a woman with such a son should sing praises all day. She pays her board very regular. I think she is pretty near as smart and good as your sister Martha would have been if she had lived. About the same age, too; for you were only fourteen months three weeks and two days apart.

That same pair of robins is back making a nest in the porch. They make an awful litter, but I guess I will let them stay. I don't see how I could hardly get along without Miss Harold.

I forgot to say she reads your letters to me in such a sweet, gentle voice, and knows what you mean. You can always tell when a person understands and appreciates what he reads.

The last frost killed all the fruit around here, and it is just as well, for the apple-trees are full of caterpillars. I never saw the like! Miss Harold has tied some straw on my clothes-pole, and we are going to burn them out when she gets back from Boston, to-night.

Yours truly,

P. FORBES.

NUMBER XXIV.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

“How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings.” Optimism applied to life.

CONCORD, May 14, 1851.

DEAR MR. FORBES:—

The cheerful letter sent to your mother was a great benefit to her and your other friends here.

When the son of Esculapius does not know what to do next, he sends the patient away on a trip, with a letter of recommendation to Chance. This is what Dr. Peabody did for you; but Dr. Chance has treated you well.

Mr. Emerson told us, you remember, "We will talk of all subjects save one — namely, our maladies."

When we send messages, let them be messages of life and good cheer. "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings." And if we would but just distribute the glad tidings, which we all receive in such abundance, and forget the bad, it would fade away and the messages of joy would grow like the big snowballs the boys roll.

We are bathed in an ocean of health, and where the soul is in right relation to its environment there is wholeness of body. Health is but adaptation to environment. When the mind of man adapts itself to the great mind of God, of which it is a part, the body does its perfect work, without friction, and the exercise of every function is a pleasure.

This is what is called life in abundance. "I come that ye might have life."

I am glad that you are getting so much pleasure out of your journeyings, by adapting yourself to environment and entering heartily and cheerfully into whatever you undertake.

This is putting yourself in line with the powers of Nature, and you are strong as you partake of her strength. "Nature never yet forsook the heart that loved her."

As I write these lines I hear your mother's voice, singing, as she plants the bed of beets in the garden, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly." What satisfaction the good woman gets from her song!

It is a beautiful spring day. The hawthorn bushes are all white down the road-side, and the air is balmy and full of perfume. I sit near the window of what your mother calls "my Arthur's room," and have been watching two busy robins bringing twigs, straws and strings to make a nest in the porch, just under the window. I am glad the tide is coming in; it will not ebb, this time.

Very sincerely,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER XXV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Forbes' old room-mate loses his free and easy good-humor. "I myself am hell." The money advanced by Miss Harold cannot be returned to her.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 10, 1851.

DEAR ARTHUR:—

I am in deep trouble. If you were here, you could help me. Not a soul knows of it, in any way, but you. It is an awful tangle, and now I *know* she hates me and I have lost her; and lost my own soul at the same time. "I myself am hell," said Milton. Now I understand it.

Honor advanced the money, you know, on my advice, to Aunt Marie for the May dividend. The papers all said, most positively, that the payment was only deferred until June 1st; but yesterday another announcement came out, saying a receiver had been appointed and it had been decided to pass the dividend entirely. It seems that crooked-eyed young shyster, But-

ler, up at Lowell, attached their water-wheel, and they were beaten in the infringement suit, after all.

The stock is all right, of course, and the next dividend will come sure, for this is the first one they have missed in thirteen years. But God help me! Arthur, how can I explain the matter to her? If I could manage to get the money to pay her back — but you know I am in debt now.

I have found the commodore only left Honor a few thousand dollars; and that one hundred and eighty she gave me is nearly a year's interest on all she has. Her father left her all of his property, but the old gentleman must have been a high-flyer or he would have left more. And then she pays her brother's way at Exeter.

I have robbed her of one hundred and eighty dollars; I can never look her in the face again. Curses on me! When you get this I may be at the bottom of Charles River. I never dare go back to Concord. Do you think you could get me a place as driver in your wagon train? I have robbed a woman!

— I mean an angel. If it ever gets out, the very air will poison me.

Disconsolately,

JACK.

NUMBER XXVI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes comes to rescue; sends money to be returned to Miss Harold. Cross-purposes. A story about the good old doctor. Evidently more iron in the blood of our hero. "No night sweats, but occasionally one in daytime."

ON THE MARCH, FIFTY MILES WEST OF ST. JOSEPH, June 19, 1851.

MY DEAR JACK:—

Your letter of tenth instant has just reached me, and I send you by the Wells-Fargo Express, one hundred and eighty dollars. You will get a draft with it over in Boston and mail it to Miss Harold at once. I do not need the money anyway—no chance to spend money out here, excepting for whiskey and tobacco, and I have no use for either. If I should get laid up somewhere along the way, I guess someone

will take care of me ; and as for paying express charges back on the long box, I have given up the idea. It will not be necessary to send it, old chum. I have torn up the paper that was in my pocket-book with directions about sending the cadaver back.

By the way, did I ever tell you of how I called on good old Dr. Peabody, the week before I left? Well, I had decided I would get the truth from him about my condition. If it was time for me to beckon to Charon, I wanted to know it, and I told him so. "Well, well! jes' so, jes' so!" said he. He really is a very kind-hearted old man, you know—very considerate—sympathetic; but about as absent minded as my Bacchus. He walked around me with his tape line, testing the expansion and contraction of my chest. Then he tapped all round and listened to the respiration and heart-beat. Counted my pulse; took temperature; and, writing out a prescription, handed it to me and tried to slide me out the office door by saying, "It looks like rain—you had better hasten." I was not to be put off, and I said: "Doctor, you have not answered my question. Are my lungs affected?"

I am not afraid to know the truth." His man Friday was just bringing the gig around, and the old gentleman was getting a little out of patience, because I kept standing there. He was evidently thinking of the call he was about to make, and he answered me back: "Jes' so, jes' so! Well, can't you wait? If your lungs are affected — post mortem will show it, won't it?"

Well, chum, I do not feel quite so strong yet, as of old; but I tell you this — you need not sharpen your scalpel for the autopsy just yet. Let others take delight in the thought of having loved ones deck their graves with flowers and water them with their tears — but life to me is sweet; and the world so delightfully confusing, and things so uncertain, that I want to stay as long as I can, to see how it "pans out." Appetite? Well, I should say so! I have not slept in a house for three weeks and the hoarseness has all gone away. I surprised the camp with the college yell, to-day. "Blackfeet, be gosh!" shouted Gooseberry Jake, as he reached for his gun. I forgot to tell you that each driver has been given

a rifle, now, and houses and civilization are left behind. At night we picket our animals, or enclose them in a square by running a rope from one wagon to another. In a week, says Buckthorn, all the wagons will be backed in the form of a circle at night, with the horses and mules in the center, and we will have to do guard duty. I have nothing in way of baggage, but a comb and tooth-brush. Gray flannel shirt, blue trousers, top boots, belt and two pistols, with a sweet smile and a fine crop of No. 9 whiskers, make up my afternoon suit — which is also my morning attire.

No night sweats, but one occasionally in the daytime, if a wagon happens to get stuck in a quicksand — as Jake's did, to-day. I put Ariadne and Bacchus on ahead of his six mules; and, with the help of a lever, and with a long pull and a strong pull, and many mighty oaths from Jake, we did the act in graceful style.

Good-by for this time, old chum. Send the draft at once to Miss Harold, and write me that you have done so, directing care of Captain Hunter, United States wagon train, Number Thirty-one on trail to Pike's Peak.

Sincerely yours, A. R. FORBES.

NUMBER XXVII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy gets the money and goes to Concord. Rather florid description of the young lady and her attire. Miss Harold thinking the money is from the pocket of Holworthy refuses to accept more than half. Mr. Holworthy does not enlighten her.

CAMBRIDGE, June 29.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—

How can I possibly thank you—you are my savior. I got the express package, and walked straight to Concord, thirteen miles, without a skip. Found Honor at your mother's, working in the flower-beds. I took hold and gave her a big lift, putting the whole garden in apple-pie order. She wore a big sun-bonnet tied under the chin with blue ribbon, and I never knew before that a sun-bonnet could be so pretty. She wore gloves, which I was sorry for, as I wanted to touch her tapering fingers—they are so sensitive and alive. She did not offer to shake hands, but was very pleasant, and talked about the weather, and the flowers.

I saw she was not going to ask me in, so I just handed out the one hundred and eighty dollars and remarked off-hand: "It was rather slow coming, but hope you have not been inconvenienced." I started to go, never thinking for a moment that she knew about the receiver being appointed: not one woman in a hundred ever reads the papers, you know. She took the money, and called me back as I started to go. She looked surprised and laid down the little hoe. "But, Mr. Holworthy," said she, as she opened her big eyes, "this is your money!" I saw it was all up — she knew — I could not lie to her. You know I tell the truth, anyway; but, where it is positively necessary, I might hold back things a little.

But, Heaven help me! Arthur, I must tell her everything. She kept looking at me and I knew I must speak, so I said: "Of course you know they did not pay the dividend. I just borrowed a little of a friend to make up the amount; I hadn't quite enough by me. What kind of flower is that in the corner?" But she was not to be turned off. She kept looking

at me, and then said, after an instant, "But, Mr. Holworthy, we were partners in this matter, and you must take back half of the money." She put it in my hand and I stammered, "I wish we were partners in everything." If she heard it she gave no sign; but she walked with me to the gate, and the first thing I knew I was on the outside and she had smiled and said, "Good-day, Mr. Holworthy."

That bonnet, old man, and the ribbon under her chin, as I am a sinner! Why are we not partners in everything? Never mind, old chum; perhaps we will be, yet!

What shall I do with the ninety dollars?

As ever and always, yours,

JACK.

NUMBER XXVIII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The pendulum swings from this side to that. Misery again the portion of Holworthy. Miss Meredith thinking the Mill Company has paid dividends informs her neighbor, Mrs. Peepson, to that effect. Trouble ahead. "Does the wagon train need another driver."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 30, 1851.

DEAR ARTHUR:—

I wrote you yesterday in good spirits, and to-day would to heaven I had never been born! It is worse than ever; but, no matter what happens, I will tell you all. With you I must be absolutely frank and truthful. If I ever depart from the literal fact, it is that good may ensue; but with you I vary not even in the estimation of a hair.

I went to Concord on the 5.30 last evening—stopped in at your house. Your mother is feeling very cheerful; but the goddess Minerva was in the city, which disappointed me a little. Your mother told me an awful tale. Aunt Marie, we well know, is of the neurotic tempera-

ment, and she is so crippled she cannot get out of the house. Suffers severe pain, constantly, through the sciatic region.

She fears her garden is not being looked after; and, in fact, worries a good deal. She has always been so active and energetic, it seems impossible for her to give up, at all. I did not go to see her. Your mother told me what I write, as I dare not go and look our old aunt in the face.

It seems that Deacon Peepson has some Livingston stock, too, and Mrs. Peepson was over, sympathizing with Aunt Marie: "La, Sister Meredith, troubles never come singly. It never rains but it pours. The hand of the Lord falls heavily at times on those he loves; but it is all for the best." And Mrs. Peepson covered her face with a black-bordered handkerchief, and rocked backward and forward in the splint-bottomed chair. I am giving it to you straight, old man; just as your mother told it to me. I want you to know the case exactly, so as to make a correct diagnosis.

"Well, if you want to tell it so bad, why not out with it!" blurted out your aunt. Mrs.

Peepson put on her shawl, very coldly and very calmly, and said: "Well, Sister Meredith, if this is the way you are going to treat your old neighbor who has lived nigh you for thirty year, and been a true friend to you, I guess I will go home. Excuse me for troubling you, Miss Meredith." Of course Aunt Marie called her back, and told her the pain was so bad she didn't know what she said, and asked Mrs. Peepson to make a cup of tea for her, and one for herself at the same time.

Aunt Marie propped herself up in bed, the hyson thawed Mrs. Peepson out and over the tea-cups she told all about the Livingston receivership, and more too, evidently. She must have buzzed away for nearly an hour when stopping suddenly she said, "But you know Sister Meredith, I never meddle in my neighbors' affairs!"

"You needn't sympathize with me, Mrs. Peepson," said Aunt Marie; "I got my dividend all in crisp green notes—a day or so late, perhaps; but they were so busy they hadn't time to send it earlier. The next one may be double—they are making money, right along.

You get your information from the newspapers; when you see a thing in the papers it is a sure sign it isn't so. I never read the horrid things; I get my information from friends who can tell the truth."

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Peepson, as she bounced out of the splint-bottomed chair, upsetting the blue tea-pot. "You got your dividend, did you, and my husband did not get his? He promised me the money when it came—over a hundred dollars—and here I have been skimping along for months and months, expecting it. Now, why should they pay *you*, and send out to the papers that lying statement about having no funds? Just answer me that, Miss Meredith!"

She seemed to imagine, in her wrath, that it was Aunt Marie who had wronged her. Aunt Marie saw the spout was broken off her blue china tea-pot, and she can use very tart language anyway, so she just said, "Well, Sister Peepson" (she never calls any one sister except when mixing in tincture of iron); "Well, Sister Peepson, since you demand that I shall tell, allow me to say first that I am a poor, crippled-

up old maid, with no income except my mill stock. They know this, and, having some pity in their hearts, they send me my interest money and let you rich folks go. Secondly (as the preachers say), your man, as you call him, has likely got the dividend all right, and has just lied to you about it. No man yet ever kept his promise. Just pour me another cup, Sister Peepson, if you please, while you are all wet."

The tea-pot lay on its side on the floor, its nose four feet away; Mrs. Peepson bounced out of the house with a slam, saying, "And is this what one gets for manifesting a neighborly spirit? — I'll show him!"

What have I done! What have I done! Mrs. Peepson may get a divorce from her husband. Friendship broken between Aunt Marie and the Peepsons. But worse, a thousand times: Honor may yet know it all, and she will know I am a liar. I am a L-I-A-R, and she will know it. Tell me what to do, Arthur! Do they need an extra driver in your train? God help me! — I can't myself.

JACK.

P. S. I got my degree last week. Do you

think I could start a good practice out in Kansas? Are the Indians homœopath or old-school?

NUMBER XXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. Holworthy's disinterestedness raises him several degrees in the estimation of Miss Harold. The doctor tries his hand at gardening. Concord Philosophy. A modern Portia.

CONCORD, June 30, 1851.

DEAR MR. FORBES:—

Your former room-mate, Dr. Holworthy of Cambridge, was here yesterday and told us that he had just received a long letter from you wherein you stated that you enjoyed your work greatly—was prosperous, and that your health had fully returned. This is most joyous news to us all, and I cannot refrain from expressing the deep pleasure that this news has brought.

I must say that my admiration for young Dr. Holworthy has never been very exalted, for he is what he is; but his sincere

satisfaction in your happiness raised him several degrees in my estimation. Besides the good news from you, he brought the dividend for Miss Meredith on her stock in the Livingston Mill. The payment has been deferred for a few weeks, for some reason — in fact, has not been paid yet — but Dr. Holworthy advanced it out of his own pocket. When we think how scanty his means are, this disinterested action on his part, to help the dear old lady, is most touching.

I was weeding in the flowers when the doctor came, and he wished to assist me; so he took the hoe, as he said he “was thirsty.” (This he intended as a joke — “Ho! every one that thirsteth.” You will observe that this is a fine type of Holworthy wit.) Well, he hoed with greater unction than discrimination, and in five minutes managed not only to kill all the weeds in the bed, but several fine dahlias as well. His efforts to “set” the broken stalks so they would “heal by the first intention” — and principally so your good mother would not discover his bad work — were most laughable.

When we think of the tender sympathies of

Dr. Holworthy, the short-comings of his intellect are blotted from our minds. It is the old question of Heart *vs.* Intellect; and, of the two, we will join sides with the former—will we not, my friend?

Mr. Thoreau came last week and worked all day in the garden. We had dinner under the little arbor in the yard, and a most charming time it was! Mr. Thoreau is an excellent talker—positive and to the point—but talk is not conversation. Conversation requires two, and no more: it is a mutuality of exalted thought and feeling.

Thoreau needs only a good listener, who will, by a single word, assent or differ at the right time, supplying a seed-thought now and then, and then his talk is charming.

The subject was the use of Nature. Mr. Thoreau claims that behind every physical fact is a spiritual truth—that the universe is the expression of Mind, and that Nature is for symbol. She gives a hint, and it is for us to ascertain the truth; and this is all we need, for thus are we led on and on, and by exercise of our faculties we grow. We do not want things

fully explained ; we are displeased with tautology. Truism and platitude pall on us and all exaggeration of parts and "completion" of things in art we turn away from.

The art that suggests is what we crave, and so Nature wins the love of all great souls by beckoning them onward and upward. Yet she never fully satisfies, for in the material world there can never be complete gratification. The essence of things is spiritual and eludes our complete grasp. You know full well the idea I would convey : doubtless you have discussed the same theme with Mr. Thoreau, and — who knows — possibly he obtained his seed-corn from your granary !

With regards, I am

Your friend,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER XXX.

THANKFUL PEEPSON TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Peepson, having stock in Livingston Mill and receiving no dividends, demands that Dr. Holworthy, who has paid others, shall also pay him.

[Perhaps we should not blame Mr. Peepson for making this request. He was an elderly gentleman of ample means, but yet of such a nature that he could not imagine anyone "doing good by stealth" — paying money out of his own pocket for the benefit of a friend — and he supposed, of course, there was some under-handed work in the mill management, to which Holworthy was party; and if he could only induce Holworthy to secure *his* money, the same as Holworthy had done for Miss Meredith, it was all he desired. Such men always pride themselves on their sense of "justice."]

CONCORD, July 10.

J. HOLWORTHY.

MY DEAR SIR: I have three thousand seven hundred dollars stock in Livingston Mill Co., Lowell, Mass. Said company have recently become involved. I have information to effect that you have drawn certain dividends from

said company, for certain of your friends. If you have power to do this for one person, you have for another.

The paying of dividend to favored persons forbidden by law — all must be served alike. Your interference in matter shows you to be only tool of others and constitutes you party to the crime.

To avoid arrest, mail me draft \$89.50, amount of my dividend due, and I give you my promise never to mention your name in any way to any living person. Immediate answer required — all action deferred until 13th inst.

Yours for truth and justice,

T. PEEPSON.

NUMBER XXXI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO THANKFUL PEEPSON.

Dr. Holworthy evidently alarmed, but expresses himself with fierce invective and—sends the money.

[Some folks take life very seriously (forgetting that none get out alive anyway). Holworthy was one of these. Instead of carrying the burden on his shoulder, jauntily, he dragged it after him by a rope, and made a heavy and complex job of what should have been a simple matter. A wise man would have made no reply to Peepson, or at best only politely refused him. But our friend worried through several sleepless nights over the matter, and probably wrote this letter with much sweat and lamp-smoke, expecting the epistle would sting the rhinoceros hide of Mr. Peepson.]

CAMBRIDGE, July 11, 1851.

THANKLESS PEEPSON.

THING: Your vile blackmailing attempt has been safely received, and has served to light my pipe.

Horny-handed, villainous tiller of the soil!
Black-hearted, blinking toad! I do now spit upon you — thus!

Where gottest thou that goose look? Am I to be frightened by such as you—illiterate baboon? Return thou to thy profession to which thou art called. Go haul manure and strew over the fair acres which thy putrid breath pollutes. Better still: use thy foul carcass for guano to raise chuckle-burrs, which I will sow over thy grave! Go sell thyself for a subject, and I will dissect thee for a monstrosity, thou accursed phantom!—thou vampire! —thou incubus!—child of death! Ass! You cannot frighten *me*! But you ask only for money. It is naught! I am well provided for—thank heaven! As to a leprous wretch, by the roadside, I fling you now this draft, for \$89.50, to stop the vile wagging of your poisonous tongue. May Pluto gather you to himself!

Scornfully,

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER XXXII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes loses temper when he finds that the money he sent was not given to Miss Harold as requested.

SALT SPRINGS, KANSAS TERRITORY,

July 10, 1851.

JOHN HOLWORTHY, ESQ. :—

You wrote asking my advice in a certain matter, and I sent you a certain sum of money, telling you how I desired you should use it. Instead of following my wishes, you do something entirely different, and then trouble me with long, rambling letters on irrelevant themes, instead of simply advising me that you had performed your duty.

I asked you to take *my money* (not yours) and buy a draft with it, and mail it to a certain person. Did you do it? No! You still have half of that money in your possession, if by this time you have not lost it. Oh, yes! You will pay me back, of course. But, sir, I do not want you to pay it back. I want you at once

to purchase a draft for ninety dollars, at the Hide and Leather Bank in Boston, and mail it, *without a letter*, to Miss Honor Harold, at Concord, Mass. On the outside of the envelope simply write these words: From John Holworthy, Fool.

I see no necessity for you calling at my mother's residence so often; she is well looked after without your assistance.

I am, sir, most respectfully,

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

NUMBER XXXIII.

J. HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy very brave at long distance. Wrathfully resents the imputation that Miss Harold may lose; for has he not given her his note? Former friends now foes. Woman the cause, as has happened before.

CAMBRIDGE, July 12, 1851.

A. R. FORBES, MULETEER.

SIR: I have this day mailed an envelope to Miss Honor as requested. On the outside of

the envelope I wrote nothing, but on the inside I sent a cordial letter. I also sent my note at sixty days, for ninety dollars with interest — saying the amount was due her, and therefore enclosed. I sent my compliments and best wishes, and hoped she was well and happy. I am going up to Concord to see her, Sunday, and will call at your mother's home. Mrs. Prudence Forbes is a perfect lady; but I much regret that her son reminds me of the Venus de Milo — neither is a gentleman.

Sir, believe me, I am ever

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.

P. S. Was obliged to use the money for a friend, but of course will meet the note when due. Just before you left you made me promise I would go to see your mother once a week; now, when out of the kindness of my heart I go twice a week instead of once, you insult me!

P. S. No. 2. I lit my pipe with your last letter as soon as I read it.

NUMBER XXXIV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes too sensible to nurse wrath. The strong can always afford to apologize. Tries to philosophize on the question of affinities.

ON THE TRAIL,

KANSAS TERRITORY, July 23.

MY DEAR JACK:—

You wrote me a very pointed epistle. It was excellent, and knowing you enjoy good things I mail it back in this. You see I have marked it 98, and would have given you a hundred had you dotted your I's.

We write sharp letters, old chum, and they reach their destination days after, when all parties have likely forgotten the circumstances. The offensive letter comes like a kicking mule in a corral. It is an excellent plan to write caustic letters, dipping the pen in aqua fortis (if seventy-four per cent. caustic alkali cannot be had); then take a letter-press copy, and throw the original in the waste basket. Read the letter-press copy next day, and you will thank

heaven for having blessed you with a waste basket. Let us try this plan hereafter. But, come to think, just at present my office is neither supplied with waste basket nor letter press — so I will have to forego the aqua fortis.

We pull up stakes in ten minutes, so I will not write you a long letter. I wish you could see the acres and acres of sunflowers on these prairies. They follow the sun around from the extreme east to the west, and then face about in the night to greet old Sol in the morning. He comes up now right straight over Harvard Square.

About Miss Harold: She is a fine soul, my mother says; but don't you think, dear chum, she is so different from you that it would be impossible for her to reciprocate your feelings? *You* are a fine character, too—you have a future, I am sure—but then you are different! You will not misunderstand me! Of course my mother is always glad to see you, and I want you to go to see her often, and it is perfectly right and proper you should enjoy a little visit with Miss Harold at the same time. But, Jack, please do not annoy the lady by try-

ing to make love to her. You cannot "make love" anyway. Love is a spark of the Divine, and all emotions of true love are reciprocal. It is a reflex action of Feeling (you see I use the capital); an echoing back from heart to heart, with this difference in the simile—an echo dies away, but love increases by action and reaction. If your regard for her has the ring of true metal, she must also experience a like emotion, and needs must express it.

Expression is necessary to life. In fact, all life is *expression* of *Mind*. Now, if Miss Harold does not echo back your feelings, as a matter of course you will only pain her by forcing the tender sentiment on her attention; and I know, if you respect her, you will endeavor to make things agreeable for her—not otherwise. My old chum is too sensible to take exceptions to what I write him, but will always believe me to be

His sincere friend,

ARTHUR R. FORBES.

NUMBER XXXV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The doctor is melted by the kindness of his friend. Coals of fire. More about affinities from another point of view. "Women do not know their own minds. Faint heart," etc.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 15, 1852.

MY DEAR OLD CHUM:—

I got your letter; in it was enclosed another. The writing looked like mine but I never penned it. Some scoundrel with heart as black as Erebus forged it. None but a villain could have written it. Who says I wrote it? He is a liar! Would I write to my manly Arthur an insulting epistle? How could I, except I were drunk or mad. My Arthur of the Round Table is the only friend I have. Without him, to whom could I turn? He it was who whipped two Irishmen when they waylaid us on the bridge, and had me down. Who but he made me cram for "Zam," and thus got me 97 when I deserved to be plucked. The smartest, bravest, tallest and best man who ever

kicked a football. He knows all things save the art of love ; in this he is at sea, for he has not experienced—and what care I for the smooth logic of even *his* cool head, when talking of that which he has not felt !

Speaking of the different methods of expression, you may not believe it, but I once actually proposed to a girl with my feet. I was dead in love with her, and we were playing euchre. I was wondering how I would tell her of my passion, when all at once I proposed by touching her feet with mine under the table. She understood and answered back, begging for time to consider—it was so sudden. I insisted on an immediate answer, and she said she would be a sister to me. I telegraphed: “Never! You must be mine.” And she then accepted, and the day was set. All the while we were raking in the tricks: we beat her father and mother in the game, two to five. A few weeks after, I was over to the house again, having a little game; and, as before, was telegraphing with my feet. All at once the old lady gave a scream, kicked over the table, and swore I was treading with my whole weight on

her favorite corn. I denied it; and, to change the subject, charged her and the old man with cheating. The old gent grew furious and called me an insolent puppy. I called him a dough-faced old codger, and hinted at his family record in a way that was more than he could stand: he collared me then and there, and bounced me bodily down the front steps—the girl all the time crying and clinging to my neck, trying to save me. It was no use—the old man was too mad to reason with, and my overcoat, hat and cane were flung into the street after me. I was rather glad the thing turned out as it did, for the engagement was getting a trifle monotonous anyway; so I just wrote the young lady the next day, and told her the family temper in her tribe was just a little more than I could stand—that I had a good deal of “beezum” myself, and for the sake of posterity we must call the engagement off and live but to forget.

The latter part of this true story is perhaps irrelevant to the question in hand; but I tell it to show you there are other modes of commun-

icating thought besides words, hand-clasps and glance of eyes.

Yes, Arthur; we are not alike — that is why I love her! It is right and proper that a man should select for a wife a woman who will round out the weak points in his own character. She is away above and beyond me, every way; but would you have me choose a woman beneath me? You, yourself, have said that when a man and woman who are unequal in mental and spiritual make-up, marry, there is a compromise—a meeting half-way. Thus you admit that, if I marry her, there will be a great growth in my intellectual stature. Then, again, you are wrong about the reciprocity. Among all animals the male seeks his mate—this is nature. Do you think a modest woman would give herself away by letting a man know she thought anything of him? *Not much!* You only show your ignorance. It is a part of woman's plan; they want to be wooed, and wooed, and after a long siege they are won. A woman delights in being courted; and half the time a girl never knows her own mind, and it is the business of the lover to edu-

cate her in matters of love. What a delightful occupation! Old man, I have a notion of adopting it as a profession, instead of medicine! No, Arthur; it is the persistent lover who wins. "Faint heart never won fair lady."

When the Lord feels dissatisfied with his work (as I am sure he often does, when he thinks of some of the men he has made), he simply opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at my tall Iris.

I saw her Thursday. She is rather hard to get thoroughly awake on any subject—a little absent minded. I think she broods over her father's death, and to cheer her up I read her one of your letters. Not the last, bless you!—hardly. It was the one in which you told of Gooseberry Jake. After I read it she smiled and I never saw her look so handsome. "Let me see it," she said. She took it in her beautiful hands and read part of it to herself, and then she sighed.

I guess this sigh was at some of your pathetic strokes. You *will* get in something that almost brings the tears—right along with your jokes, you old rascal!

I am filling in vacation at the drug store in Cambridgeport, and grinding away at the books, with clinic over in Boston every Saturday.

JACK.

NUMBER XXXVI.

MRS. FORBES TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. Peabody is sure the medicine cured. Mrs. Forbes has another opinion. The cat may be sent from home. A funeral at the little house by the railroad.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

MY DEAR BOY:—

I am rejoiced to know that you are so much better. I met Dr. Peabody to-day and told him how well you are. He said he knew the medicine would cure you. For my own part, Arthur, I cannot help believing it was in answer to our prayers. I did not tell the doctor so. He is a nice man.

He was with me, you remember, when you were born. After a woman has had a doctor at such a time he always seems like one of her own folks ever after. Perhaps it was the earn-

est prayers and the medicine too. Dr. Peabody does not believe much in praying for the sick. He said to me once, if a man needed an emetic, a half ounce of ipecac was worth a ton of prayer. I fear he has been corrupted by the unbelief of this place. It's no use arguing with men, though; they have no sense. If Dr. Peabody gets sick himself, he will send for a preacher the first thing. Such men always do.

Our cat caught two of the young robins. He may get to killing the chickens next. If he does I will *surely* give him away, although you brought him here yourself six years ago. I cannot afford to have my chickens caught. What is more, I will not stand it, either.

Honor has helped me make over my black dress. We left the skirt just the same, but added a plain flounce at the bottom, of some stuff she had in her trunk. But the waist — why, I hardly think you would know it at all.

If I see the cat prowling around after the chickens, I have decided we will put him in a bag, and Honor and I will carry him off, clear over the hill, some night, by Peepson's, and turn

him loose; and of course, if he goes to Peepson's house, it will not be our fault.

The bonnet I got when your father died looked pretty bad, but Honor fixed it over for me so it looks like new. We are going down to Boston to church next Sunday. She is the handiest person I ever saw. Do you think I ought to charge her \$2.50 a week? It seems too much, when she helps me so, all the time.

For our chapter last night, Honor read to me from Epistle of John, iv, 1-20. Read it, Arthur, from the little Bible I put in your trunk. One verse I remember is — "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." I think Honor reads better than our preacher — not so loud, but with more feeling. Another verse was — "There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear."

Did I tell you how we borrowed Smith's wheelbarrow and cut sod ourselves for little Martha's grave? Another verse Honor read was — "God sent his only begotten son." She said she thought it was because God loved me that he sent me such a son. Yes; I believe it must be so. You have not told me, but I

believe you have really given your heart to Jesus. Your letters are not so trifling as they used to be when you were at college.

There has been lots of sickness here lately. The family that moved into one of Murphy's houses, down by the railroad, had three children die of diphtheria, all in one week. They are very poor people. The neighbors were all afraid to go near, as it is so awful catching. They buried two of the children in the night. Honor heard about it, and went at once to see them, the day the last one died. She was the first woman who had been in the house for three weeks. The mother begged her to read a chapter and pray. They did not bury this one in the night. No preacher dare go to the funeral, so Honor preached a little sermon, about ten minutes, and read and prayed. She was the only woman besides the mother at the funeral.

I have four pair of new stockings for you. Tell me how soon you will be home.

Yours truly,

PRUDENCE FORBES.

NUMBER XXXVII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy goes to Concord for botanical specimens. Enlists the assistance of Honor Harold and Miss Hosmer. A triangular picnic. Murphy's mishap. Botany vs. Geology. Dr. Holworthy records his success, but forgets the botanical specimen, which will necessitate another visit.

[The patience shown by Mr. Forbes in receiving and answering such letters as this—several of which I have not thought it worth while to publish—can only be accounted for, by presuming that his faith in Miss Harold was invincible and the letters from Holworthy were merely diverting.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Tuesday Evening.

DEAR OLD CHUM:—

A hazy, lazy autumn day—leaves turning yellow; they fall fluttering to the ground like wounded birds. And such an indefinite, dreamy look to the landscape—like the sweet face of a bride, as you catch sight of it through her veil; you do not know whether she is crying (just a wee bit) or smiling. We do not want to

see things too plainly, old man. (I never did see my lessons very clearly — the best truth is always a trifle misty.)

I believe the charm of these Indian-summer days is the fact that our senses are kind of dulled and lulled, as by a two-grain opium pill; a sort of somniferous effect, so that one goes straight to heaven without the formality of Gabriel's bugle and the Judgment-day racket.

They say the wicked shall not enter the kingdom; but by the great Paracelsus! I had a clear look inside the portals to-day — and, confidentially, old chum, it's as good as settled.

I am greatly interested in botany — or the Goddess thinks I am, which is just as well. I went up to Concord early this morning; walked straight to your mother's, and asked the tall Minerva if she could tell me where I could find a good specimen of *Aralia Nudicaulus* for our herbarium at Cambridge. It worked, old man; and she brightened up and said; "Why, yes; I will show you! Miss Hosmer and I are going that way; we will be glad to have your company." Pulse jumped to 98 by my watch, as she put on her hat and a funny little jacket.

You are right, Arthur; a woman *will* express her feelings, if you only give her time—they can't hold back always. She seemed so pleased to see me; asked me to go, too, mind you!—asked me to go, and said she would be thankful for my company. And it would have been heaven complete, if it had not been for this friend who was with her! This Miss Daisy Hosmer is just a young thing, awfully sweet, and sort of come-and-catch-me appearance, but talks in riddles and parables. I couldn't exactly make her out. She walked ahead, and left Honor and me alone part of the time. I guess Honor told her to; and I took the opportunity to say, "I wish life were one long picnic like this." She was very jolly and said, "Why, it was just what I was going to say—we three on an eternal picnic. Yes; how sublime."

"Or just you and me," I added. "Why, truly, how sublime—or you alone!" And she called to Daisy, who hoodooed the interview, and came back to dig up a flower.

Each of the girls had a trowel, and I carried two baskets, a bag, a spade, and an ax. I was

loaded to the gunwales, and they kept digging stuff and putting in the baskets. By and by, Miss Hosmer got a geological fit, and began to gather specimens. "Oh! the trilobite—the lovely trilobite! What a nice piece of gneiss! Oh! look at the feldspar!" And the stones began rattling down into that bag.

"It does not make you tired, does it?" said Miss Hosmer; "you are so strong!"—and she dropped in a young boulder from the miocene period. "Oh, no," said I; "I only wish you had brought along a bed-tick. We would have filled it full."

Finally we came to a ploughed field, and they wanted to look for Indian arrows; so they tramped me over the fields about seven miles, and I sank to my knees, nearly, at every step. We finally got over to Walden Lake and put our things in Henry's cabin. He was not at home. You know he never locks the door—nothing but a latch—anyone can lift it and walk-in. His boat was there, and I put one of the girls in each end, with Honor facing me, and what a row we had! I never saw her so pleasant. She laughed at all my jokes, and

when I told them about how you swam out into Charles River, to rescue old Murphy, whose boat had upset, she asked me to tell it over again — all about how you sat the old man astride of the upturned boat, and swam behind and pushed him ashore; how the people on the bank thought it was old Neptune on a dolphin's back, coming in state, and they cheered and asked him what he had done with his trident. How they did laugh! Then we went back and had supper on the bank.

Henry and Daisy got into quite an argument, for which I was very thankful; for I improved the time by telling the tall Iris of how I intended to go in with Dr. Peabody, who is certainly not immortal, and some day I would have his whole practice. I said, "You know, Miss Harold, a physician in a village like Concord, cannot hope to get a large family practice unless he has a wife!" "Why, just what I was going to say!" said she, and she began skimming our geological specimens across the water. She is very absent minded, and must have thrown away half, without once thinking what she was doing. I just kept quiet

and let her throw, although it *did* break in on our conversation. When we got back to your mother's, the girls both thanked me and shook hands so gratefully, and asked me to come again.

I'm solid there, old chum — make no mistake! These things require time to work up. The world wasn't made in a day. I went away without my specimen of *Aralia*—forgot all about it. Absent minded, you see — it must be catching. Well, anything I can catch from her I will be thankful for, even to eczema.

Your letters are wonderfully interesting. Tell me more about your experience — it is all so new and strange to us here.

I will have to go back after my *Aralia Nudicaulus*, next Saturday, I suppose.

JACK.

P. S. For myself, I do not take much stock in womankind; for who can tell whether what tulle suggests be real, or that which padded silk parades be false?

NUMBER XXXVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MISS HONOR HAROLD.

*"Read between the lines." The first view of
the Rockies. Poetic prose.*

CAMP UNREST, KANSAS TERRITORY,
Aug. 16, 1851.

MY FRIEND :—

Once upon a time, a thousand years ago (or was it yesterday?), you told me not to write to you, for you would read the letters I sent to our mother. In these letters to her, you have read between the lines, receiving the messages I meant for you. In each letter you have seen a growing tendency to write beyond what the good woman could comprehend. Knowing that you would read the letter, I must needs restrain myself; for before my inward eye arose your image, and so I gave *you* the message, not her. There is a necessity in our natures which demands that we shall express that which is within; and so, my gentle lady, I offer no excuse for writing this my first letter to you, trusting wholly that your strong good-sense

will show you how, loving my mother as I do, when I write to her I must have before me *her* image: listening intently, as we know she does — knitting, perhaps — keeping time with moving lips and nod of head.

Do you think the love for our parents can ever be replaced by another? Should not love give the capacity for love? All other faculties grow by exercise, why not this? And so, you see, I am writing you this letter that I may be *free* — free to write to her and *to write to you*. Equally important is it that I may express to you what my heart prompts. With you I can think aloud and you will not misconstrue. You will put the best construction on my thought, and echo it back to me in a clearer and sweeter tone. Since I received your first letter the tide has been coming in, and I have, to-day, life in abundance. It is a joy to be alive; and it seemed that if I did not write you this message, just to thank you for what you have done for me, the day's duties would not be done.

We are encamped in a beautiful valley, on the banks of a running stream. There are only a few trees near; but the boundless prairie

fills me with a sense of sublimity. The waving grass stretches off miles upon miles, and, as the summer winds play over it, it seems to rise and fall like the waves of the sea. To the west is a mass of low white clouds. There they stay — sublime, clear as marble in outline. They have not changed since yesterday. I called the attention of a companion to them — “Why, those are the Rocky Mountains,” said he.

If your heart prompts, write to me at Fort Denver.

With sincere respect and high regard I am,

Yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES.

PART TWO.

INTRODUCTION.

EVIDENTLY there are letters missing which should go in here, for this full, frank confession of the heart must have been preceded by something more formal ; but as the epistles are lost I must beg the reader to bridge the gap with his imagination.

In the letters of Mr. Forbes, prior to this correspondence with Miss Harold, few traces of spirituality are to be found. This love seemed to add cubits to his stature, and to have aroused a poetic side of his nature, which none knew he possessed : not the first man, perhaps, who has been nudged out of sleep by Cupid, and been led on to better things by the light of the little god's torch.

A large number of these love letters are in my possession, but I give only a few, merely to

show the quality of mind which this man and woman possessed.

Many of these epistles seem to open very abruptly, but lovers evidently have some occult way of knowing what will be deemed proper and what not. I leave this to the experienced, and will say that, of all written words, the letters of wise men and women are best. They are more natural than oratory, more advised than conversation, and show the heart of the writer as love and friendship only can call it forth. It is the tendency of all strong feeling to dwell constantly on the same thought—to be monotonous—and the oft-repeated vows and verbal endearments which generally fill love letters, make them unsuited for any save the one to whom they are directed. But in these letters of Mr. Forbes to Miss Harold, and Miss Harold to Mr. Forbes, I find much that is of poetic and philosophic value, and the tenderness often shown I am sure will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all “who love a lover.”

I should judge that no attempt was made, on the part of this peculiar pair, to “answer” letters; they wrote when they felt inclined—every

day, or once a week, as the spirit moved. Any theme which was in the heart of the writer found expression. In most of these epistles all formality of place, date or name is omitted; the addition of signature being found only a few times in the several hundred letters from which these are selected.

NUMBER XXXIX.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

With the man of dull susceptibility and strong animal nature there may be much force at times, but with the force so excited dies the result. There is no reaction. But the man who is full of soul-life — who has the poetic nature — the force exerted may be slight, but the reaction is great. We are cursed or blessed by reaction. Our lives to-day are what they are on account of what has gone before. Dull men may meet and part, but to us the meeting of an individual who is our peer is an event of great importance. How the acts of our lives now stand out before us and make or mar. The value of the act is not in the act, but in the reaction. It is not what you say, but how the saying reacts upon yourself and upon the hearer : all this in the fraction of a second.

We grow by reaction ; mind on body, body on mind. With the slow mind there is little reaction, with the brute none : but to the person of fine poetic sensibilities, the trees, flowers.

sky, water speak to him with a thousand tongues. You see with the physical eye: that is the action, the impression made on your mind is the reaction.

“A primrose by the river's brink
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

No reaction.

Love is an alternating current, action and reaction: my love acts on you, yours on me. Yours reacts upon yourself, mine the same; and the result is a quicker sensibility for good, a more hearty appreciation of beauty, a broader outlook, a quicker insight, an increased sympathy.

Let us so live that the reaction from our lives will be a benediction on ourselves—a blessing to others.

NUMBER XL.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

One may harangue, several may talk ; but conversation requires two and no more. Between these there must be such a mutual understanding that all explanation may be waived.

Only those who know the delight of conversation can be silent in the presence of each other and be at ease. Silence, under these conditions, is music asleep.

Where conversation is possible, each is wiser, holier, purer in heart than when alone. Soul acts on soul and brings out only the good in each. The reaction from conversation is insight into Divine things.

And do you know, dear, there is a burden of joy as well as a burden of heaviness ; and so this love gives such a burden of joy that we cannot rest until we share the joy with each other.

We must use our joy (as well as all other good things), and so we give our joy away, and still keep it.

With you I use my faculties, with you the circuit is complete.

NUMBER XLI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY LADY:—

There is a loneliness here in the desert, yet there is a freedom.

You remember the man who wrote from his prison cell, "At six o'clock, the world is shut out and we are free from intrusion." Well, I am free from intrusion the livelong day.

In connection with every palace of kings there has been a prison. The ruling priesthood has always had its dungeons for unbelievers; and political and ecclesiastical prisons have held the greatest and rarest souls who have ever blest this earth — poets, patriots, thinkers, inventors, reformers. We know them, so why need I write their names! We have been with them in their glory and their gloom, in their grandeur and their grief. Think of all the books written behind prison bars. Of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Walter Raleigh's *History*; and De Foe, with ears cut off, begging for ink to write *Robinson Crusoe*! Isolation is free-

dom. Solitude may be communion with the Infinite, and on the pathless plains I often feel that I am face to face with my Maker.

NUMBER XLII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

MY DEAR LADY:—

I now believe that this withdrawal from the rush and friction of the world — living near to Nature's heart, with no roof but the blue dome of heaven — surrendering myself into the arms of rest, silence and Infinity — is doing me untold good. Yet there are lonely pinings of the heart, and my arms reach out to you across the miles, as I pray with my face toward the east.

The misfortunes of men often proceed from their inability to be alone. They go in search of companionship, to the saloon and the gaming table, to riot and extravagance, dissipation and excess; and thus they try to forget themselves, and — alas! — they often succeed.

Strong drink, opium, and other drugs that lull to drowsy nothingness, are only the

attempts of men to dismiss self. Happy is he who can live alone with God; and yet, dear, in all this wilderness, could I — could I be happy without you? “Give me solitude, sweet solitude; but in my solitude, give me still one friend to whom I may murmur, solitude is sweet.”

NUMBER XLIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

MY LOVER:—

What a charming bit of Scotch folk lore is that of the protected boatman!

The night was dark and cold, the wind blew in fitful gusts, the waves rose high, as there came to the wharf a woman in tattered garments, bearing in her arms a babe held close to her breast. “I must cross the river—I must cross to-night!” she cried. The ferryman replied: “Stay thy noise, woman! Knowest thou not the hour is late and the boat is tied fast? Get thee gone!” But still she cried: “Is there none to speed me on my way? Oh, I must cross to-night!” And the ferryman

answered, "Woman, as thou importunest so, tell me why thy haste and how much money hast thou to tempt me to defy the wave for thy foolish whim!" And she only answered: "I have no money, but I must cross to-night — I must cross to-night! Oh, I must be on my way!" And he answered, wroth: "Get thee gone with thy whelp! Away!"

And then a youth, who stood near, approached and said, "Woman, I know not whom thou art, and it matters not; but I have a boat at hand, and if thou wilt allow me, *I* will speed thee on thy way."

And he helped the woman to a seat in the end of his boat. The waves tossed the craft about, but the boat reached in safety the farther bank; and behold, when the youth reached out his hand to help the woman on shore, there arose and stood before the simple boatman, not the woman in rags but a beauteous creature clothed in white, and about her shone a wondrous light. "Fear not!" she said. "They call me the Blessed Virgin; and, ever after, thy boat shalt ride in safety, where'er thou choos-est to go. For thy soul hast pity, and thou heardst

my cry for help, and didst not seek to question nor quibble and wrangle with the needs of the heart, but didst speed me on my way; and now I decree that no harm shall befall thee!"

And, ever after, the boatman was free from the peril of the wave; and when he had lived out many long and useful days and came to die, there appeared at his bedside the Blessed Virgin. And all who stood near heard her voice as she said, "Fear not, for I have come to row thy soul safely over the river called Death!" — and as the form vanished the people looked and saw a smile on the face of the boatman, but his spirit had floated away across the Unknown Deep.

NUMBER XLIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—

How all this love-relation has come to us! Sympathy led; then spirit followed, and refused to come away—and all so perfectly natural, gentle, spontaneous. You did not say, Come this way; now, please do come!—nor I to you.

We were moving together, in lines coming nearer and nearer, until at last we simply reached out hands and thus we journey. And, dear, can one journey alone and be alive to all beauty, so that the faculties are ever receptive and alert? No, not alone, I hear you say.

It is artificial life that kills. A striving to make harmonious adjustments — to please this one or avoid displeasing that; but love brings such a stillness, smoothness, lightness into our lives, that, being in right relation to the *one* soul, we can easily be in right relation to all.

Have you noticed, dear, what charity, what patience, has come to your spirit? Nothing worries — we are not disturbed.

This is life.

NUMBER XLV.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY GENTLE LADY: —

You have faith plus, my dear, and hope to spare, otherwise I would be down in the depths; for verily I have drawn from your supply, and it is your fountain that nourishes and sustains

me. I am unworthy of your great love; but the only way I can become worthy, is to live in this love-atmosphere, and, under its benign influence, open out my sleeping soul-forces as the acorn bursts its shell under the influence of the gentle summer rain and sunshine. I feel that the rays reach me only through you, you are the prism that concentrates and gives to me. Unless you focused truth for me, how could I ever perceive it? The actinic ray, you know, is the one that vitalizes; it is the growth principle.

Love is the actinic ray.

NUMBER XLVI.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Nothing can make us truly live, but using what we have. If there is a royal road to geometry we do not know it? There is an expression used by some good old ladies to show their surprise; they look at you, adjust their specs, and say, "La me! I want to know."

Well, what greater ambition is there than

this — “I want to know?” It is wonderful to know; not to know seems the only sin. Dearest, let us know.

I am glad I am alive. Glad am I, and grateful to God for this great love which gives ability to know. I am glad there is so little carbonic acid in the atmosphere, and glad there are so few mean people in the world. There are not near as many as there were before this love began. Do you not agree with me, lover? And do you not think the world is fast growing better? Why! never before have people treated me so courteously; they smile, bow, and make room for me, and I have not heard a cross word for days and days. This love-atmosphere in which I live, gives youth, smoothness, rest, peace, joy, happiness. Its increasing activity of intellect brings good results quickly; cures heartache, moodiness, soul-hurt, and in fact all diseases that man can acquire — we will not say “that flesh is heir to,” because we are heirs to the kingdom, not dyspepsia. This love brings to us all of the joys that children know, and their sweet content as well.

There, my lover, laugh if you wish ; it sounds like a patent-medicine bill, but it is just a love letter to you. Smile here.

NUMBER XLVII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY SWEETHEART :—

There is no great art without philosophy, and yet reflection is the worst enemy of art. Our first thought is the best ; and when we begin to reflect, to shape, to arrange—verily it is like the handling of a butterfly by heavy fingers.

We have been told that certain of our inclinations are base and allied to the animal, but all of our powers have their earthly and their spiritual expression. Where one begins and the other ends, I will not attempt to say ; but it is very true that it is needful a man should be a good animal, so I take it that all is good and that we have no capacity which is unworthy of immortal development.

Whatever we possess is God-given ; and we will not attempt to trample it out, nor insult His work by calling it a snare. For His

creation is not to deceive, but to build up; and nothing that is made, is without purpose.

Every impulse of life to reach out to life, is God-given and holy.

NUMBER XLVIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Youth is not merely a charming phase of the fleeting years; it is a pervading quality of character, a joyous freshness of spirit, that springs from the soul.

Infinite hope is the essence of youth; and he who really believes that God is good, has no fears that steal away his heritage. Gray hair is naught; and what boots it though his form is bent when his heart is young?

“He goes bravely through the world, who carries with him the perfume of the morning and the lavish heart of youth.”

NUMBER XLIX.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

Yes, you are right. Happiness is from within and not dependent on outward circumstances. Man should be sufficient unto himself, and not lean upon an outward environment.

By the way, did you say that your box in the post-office looked lonesome when no letter came from the Rockies, and that the lonesomeness of the box imparted its vacuity and nothingness to the entire village as you walked homeward? Why, my dear, I thought that happiness was from within!

The one thing which Pandora did not let escape, you should hold very closely. Of course my creed says, "Happiness is not dependent on outward events," but bless you, child, my creed is not the thing I believe! I only hold it theoretically. My happiness cometh from Concord, dear—no matter what the theory says.

NUMBER L.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

MY DEAR LOVER :—

You should see this wide expanse of water as it flows so placidly unvexed to the sea.

It quivers and shimmers in the sunlight. Shut your eyes and see it now, and those blue hills beyond; and the trees waving — poising back and forth in the lazy summer breeze, as it rises, falls, dies away, and then comes with swelling force.

The lake, trees, hills, clouds and sunshine all seem to lift up their voices in one harmonious chorus: “Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.”

So say our hearts and lives, in one continuous prayer of love and praise.

Stronger and more fervid grows the chorus — for love, like all good things, is cumulative; and all the days of by-gone love, work their sweetness into this.

NUMBER LI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY DEAR: —

After the hot sun of the long day, with the never-ending barrenness of the sand hills, and the knowledge that in this company of a hundred men, I cannot *converse* with one, the love-atmosphere at thought of you, comes stealing over me. I am in an oasis, with a clear, bubbling stream murmuring through. Spreading palms, geraniums, and rose bushes are all about; the floor is carpeted with crocus, auricula, and violets; a gentle breeze stirs the cool leaves, and their soft sighing keeps time with the song of the brook.

We are descended from the wandering, wild horsemen of the Arab desert, and the ancestral tendencies yet linger in our veins. Where is the man whose heart does not leap at the suggestion of camping out? Show me such, and I will point you one whose soul is ripe for treason, conspiracy and spoils.

Many women have a peculiar fatal power not given to men — namely, an ability to concen-

trate in one short effort an amount of vital force which should carry them through a long life; but, having once brought this force to bear, they are undone, and the poise of health is, forever after, a thing to them unknown. Beware, my proud and thoughtful Minerva, of this over-intensity. Dullness saves me, and most souls, from the danger I have named; not so, you.

NUMBER LII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Mr. Emerson read to us, last night, from an essay he has recently written. Among other things, he spoke of the necessity of cultivating the receptive and positive mood, as opposed to negation.

We discussed this thought after the reading: of how men dispute and wrangle; but nature is calm, and in her presence man takes on the spirit of childhood.

The child is a seer, and has the clear intuition of purity. The child does not weigh and

consider — set down the debits and credits and strike a balance — but his mind works spontaneously, is all alert and receptive. No thought is “dangerous” to him; he is the perfect prism, which reflects all the beauties of light with its various tints. From this, Mr. Emerson deduces that we should avoid all controversy; for he who argues, gets into a mental habit of forming a rebuttal whenever he hears another speak. Sympathy is put aside; and, instead of getting the good the speaker has to offer, the controversialist is only the while sinking deeper into his own whims and prejudices.

Now, look you, my dear lover, we can put this thought to the test. When we find a man given to argument, we will take his latitude and longitude, and then ascertain which way he is traveling. My opinion is, that he is anchored fast in the mud of his own conceit.

Let us sit quietly and cultivate the receptive mood, putting jealousy and prejudice behind. We must not be afraid of receiving what is harmful. Does the wild deer fear being poisoned by the green leaves it feeds upon?

To refute, or attempt to deny, mentally or

verbally, is to close the intellect against truth; it is to acquire the habit of sophistry, or the use of any argument that is at hand — truth or error — to convince the jury that we are right. Controversy does not convince.

We always impart to others a like feeling to that which we hold, and our mental attitude is shaping itself in their minds; and, if we wrangle, they, too, are forming a rebuttal. Thus each side has taken a vow not to give in the width of a hair; and from this convention, Mr. Emerson says, "We go to the woods; and they say, 'why so hot, my little man?'" How we did smile when he read this sentence; and he stopped and looked at us, surprised that we should laugh. His gentle earnestness and sincerity is most inspiring. He has humor, too; but it is of an inward sort, and does not give way to laughter. Loud ha! ha! ha's! become some men. Let them grow purple in the face, and lean against the house and roar, peal on peal, as the tears run down their cheeks, their knees weaken and they hold their sides; but you can imagine Mr. Emerson turning trickster, as easily as to think of his giving way to boisterous mirth.

NUMBER LIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Every pulse of my heart says, Onward — onward, ever and eternally — onward and upward! Tarry not by the way; but on and on and on!

NUMBER LIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

DEAR LOVER MINE:—

There is no plan upon which a mortal can enter, but what a higher insight can transcend. We must be loyal to what we now see is right, unmindful of all the vows taken in days gone by. Thus a religion, which once to us was truth, might now be a dead weight; and, as such, let us cast it into the deep, and go on our way to higher things.

Mr. Emerson told us, Saturday, that reading his lectures in public gave him little satisfaction, but what he printed he believed would

last; and he often read with relish from his own books.

It was such a charming bit of frankness that all smiled. Mr. Hawthorne expressed surprise that any author could bear the sight of his own words in print; and for himself, he said, he would just as lief want to see his dinner after he had eaten it, as a book that he had written. He wrote because he had to, for his own good.

Then the talk ran to comparing oratory with literature. Thoreau said oratory has its excuse in that a quick work must be done; occasion demands a forcible presentation of truth—it is now or never. Oratory dies with the effort, but literature lives on. If literature is misunderstood or rejected, the author always finds balm by lodging his appeal with posterity. Mr. Emerson said he thought the desire for immortality was often what prompted men to write. We long for a lasting result to our work—we wish to live. Men want their names to be perpetuated. They wish to leave fortunes, and to have high monuments erected to their memory. And if this is true of men living largely in the sensuous, how much truer of those who live in thought and spirit!

“And why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this reaching out for immortality?”

In this desire lies the proof that, somewhere and somehow, it must find satisfaction.

NUMBER LV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Out of the herd, I have picked a pure white mare that I call my own. She is the most knowing horse I ever saw; and although I like solitude, yet without a horse I fear the stillness would oppress. This little white horse comes at my call, and never leaves me if I dismount on the march. I guide her by the swaying of my body, and she always reflects my mood. Am I lonely and long for you, she knows it; is sympathetic, and sober in her paces. If I am joyous, she joins in the caper, and shakes her mane in glee. Do you believe in metempsychosis?

Animals are happy! They have only one occupation; that is, the seeking of nourishment for their bodies. Man's true work is seeking nour-

ishment for his soul ; and when he makes this the chief end of his existence, I am sure that sweet peace will be his portion. Does not our joy come from this, my dear — that we seek the good ?

I wish the harassed and hurrying crowds in cities knew the joys of solitude. The silence of the mountains can cure the care-worn soul of the ills that eat away its life.

Solitude is the home of the Almighty, which no thoughtful man can enter without awe.

From letters received from Dr. Holworthy, I fear he has fallen in love with you, my sweet. Several times, in years past, he has had similar attacks. I am sure, however, he never before met a lady so lovable as “the tall Iris” — as he calls you.

I think I know why you are tall. It is because the gravitation from above calls, “Come up higher !” So, out of the miasma, and above your associates, you lift your sunlit head, and gain a view, out into the Beyond, which is impossible to others. Yes ; figuratively, and literally, you stand above them.

But about Dr. Holworthy. It makes me

smile to think he imagines that you could possibly be his mate. Are you, who have no use for powders and potions, to turn proxy M. D. and manipulate a pestle for your liege? Avaunt, Holworthy!—thou Jack of Pills!—with thy “heroic treatment,” and harass not my gentle lady with thy allopath attentions.

NUMBER LVI.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

I saw, to-day, reproductions of the grand carvings of Thorwaldsen. Have you seen them? His “Night” and “Morning” touched me to tears.

One critic is in error, in speaking of the swift-flying angel in “Night” as the mother of the babes. Look again, dear, at that tall, graceful form; how the drapery sweeps out behind, showing her rapid flight! She is poised forward, and her head is bowed in stern silence. The strong soul is only strong by the contrast of opposite elements. Here we get strength, rapid motion, and absolute rest and relaxation.

She holds in either arm a sleeping baby, and they pillow their heads on her neck and shoulder in rest — complete rest. Her form is that of a woman who has never borne a child.

She is far more! She is the protecting spirit of the night. We travel when we sleep. Yes; in the sweet sleep of babyhood — which we can all enjoy under right conditions — the angel bears us on, and on, and on. We pillow our tired heads on her bosom in perfect baby faith; and swiftly, surely, out into the great silence of Infinity she bears us. When you lie down to rest, to-night, dear, think of this; and straight you will hear the rustle of a wing, and across the miles the angel will bear you to me.

Yes; the critic was right. She is not only the mother of these babes, but of all others; and she says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." And yet, Mr. Critic, it is *poetry*; and have I not said that poetry means all that you can get from it? She is a mother to you and to me, and more.

The owl, dear, was the sacred bird of Minerva. Minerva was the protector of the young. We say the owl is the bird of wisdom,

because he looks wise ; but we got the thought, long ago, from the Greek idea that the owl followed Minerva, who represents wisdom.

Again, the owl represents the night ; the owl also means silence. This is the poet's thought, not the ornithologist's. Milton says "Then silent night *with this her solemn bird,* and this fair morn, and these glittering gems of Heaven, her starry train."

Yes, dear ; well do you say, "The soul rests not in feeling." Thorwaldsen wrought the "Night" and "Morning" in a single day of deep grief. What is grief, dear ? It cannot be so very bad, when it brings such results. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Think of all the poems written in tears. Think of Cowper, Dante, Milton, Shelley, and all the others. Well have you spoken, "The soul rests not in feeling." Thorwaldsen carved with mallet, chisel — and grief. Who ever *felt* like Michael Angelo, save his countryman, Dante ?

The "Morning" is a different angel. She holds her face upward in gladness ; her flight is leisurely, and her drapery falls in graceful curves. She scatters flowers as she flies, and

on her shoulder perches Love. Love holds aloft a torch, and is it not meet? Who lights the way like Love? How can we see truth, or how can we ever find heaven, except Love lead the way and beckon us on? He goes bravely through the world who bears with him the spirit of the morning.

The spirit of the morning, I said, my dear! She it is, and Love, who lead the way.

Thorwaldsen began on the "Night." He carved the owl first; last the sleeping babes. His heart was brimming, he stopped not, straightway he carved the joyous "Morning." How the chips flew; and lo! his grief was gone! We have, instead, his "Night" and "Morning."

NUMBER LVII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY LADY:—

Thank you for telling me of the evening spent at Mr. Emerson's. I would like to have taken part in the discussion on the Church of Rome. A certain grade of intellect demands a

religion of symbol; and the growth of Catholicism in America is not a source of fear to so clear a vision as that of your dear friend R. W. E.

Spanish Catholicism is one thing, American Catholicism is another. The spirit of freedom, here, dilutes the power of priesthood—the question of climate enters, and the rocks and snow of New England do not encourage thinking by proxy. It's a long road from paganism to the clear faith of Emerson, and Rome is only a station on the road—but don't let the stop be too long.

Ma Donna, Madonna; My Lady or Our Lady. Simply a Spanish word; but stands, in Romish parlance, as the counterpart of *Our Lord*. When I speak to you of *Our Lord*, you put only one construction on my expression. When we speak of (the) Madonna, it means to us only one thing; the thought of the devout Catholic. We have borrowed his expression; and Thoreau says well, that few persons who dare think for themselves believe the dogma of the Madonna—meaning the miraculous conception, etc.

But of course we hold the allegory. The facts are nothing to us ; principles, everything. It will not be long before we shall turn, adjust our glasses, and stare at the man who takes such pains to deny the "miraculous conception."

The literature of the East is full of such tales. No man stops me on the street and denies stoutly that the pedigree of Achilles is false as recorded. It is literature and poetry coming from out the misty past ; and the facts these children tell only speak to us as poetry speaks, and I am glad to see that Madonna means so much to you.

We have sympathy for all religions ; and you have given me a most beautiful thought — that she who produces or brings forth that which is great, and strong, and excellent, must be pure. That the mother of Jesus possessed purity, sweetness, gentleness, and love, all plus, I am sure. See how she believed in her Son, and followed him to the very cross ; and once she saw the black cloud rising afar and sought to save him. She wanted to get him out of Jerusalem, and to take him back to their own safe country home.

She represents, to us, pleading, intercession — desire to save ; and, if you and I travel on foot, hand in hand, up some weary Alpine pass, and by the roadside we see a shrine to Our Lady, we, too, will cross ourselves devoutly and stand in silent prayer a moment, ere we refresh ourselves at the spring.

NUMBER LVIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

In society men are often indifferent. An earnest spirit is wounded by the contact of such. In the presence of stupidity the gods are dumb. So I do not wonder that great souls are grateful for the soothing evangel of solitude.

Indifference smothers, solitude is filled with sympathy : for the beloved, the universal, the Divine, come freely in and make their homes with us.

Most men live lives of blind drudgery, without deliberate aims or ends. They work that they may eat, and they eat that they may have

strength to work. Many live to outstrip their rivals, pursue their enemies, gratify pride or excite envy. Few live to know truth, enjoy beauty, and reach up to the Infinite by loving one, in order that this love of one may increase the capacity to love all. Let us do this, my lady, and we will make this love a stepping-stone to the higher life.

NUMBER LIX.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

In morals there have been no new discoveries made for two thousand years, nor will there be in the ages to come. We might as well look for a new dimension in space, a new foot-rule which shall be angular instead of straight, or a yard-stick with one end instead of two.

We know all the principles of morals, but there is much to learn concerning their application and development.

Morals are an outgrowth of the truth that everyone's nerves terminate in his neighbor's flesh. That where one suffers, all suffer;

where one enjoys, all enjoy. Not to know this betokens a lack of form, a chaos in the mind, a partial imbecility.

When we find people with sympathy so that they are moved by the sight of suffering in others, or, better still, when they rejoice with those who are glad — how our hearts go out to such! And this is only our homage to the Divine within them — “God manifest in the flesh.”

Did you ever think, dear, what a dull, monotonous place heaven would be, if our loved ones were not there? What sort of minds have those people who pretend to believe a wife could be happy in heaven while her husband is in hell?

And, by the way, who are the heathen, after all? What makes heaven? Right relationship between one man and one woman makes heaven for each.

Heaven is relationship between souls; not a relationship between a soul and a pavement, between a soul and emeralds or rubies, nor between a soul and a harp. And, my sweetheart, what would you want of a white robe if

I were not there to tell you whether it was a good fit in the back? And tell me, dear, would you ever play a harp if I were not near to listen?

“In heaven there is no marriage nor giving in marriage.” Very true, for the questioners looked upon marriage as a matter of contract which became legalized only when priest or officer of the state had given sanction. But in heaven, spirit will reach out to spirit, affinities will meet, lovers will be one; and He spoke but truth when He said that in heaven there will be no “marriage,” for God’s law will be that supreme and right relationship, which is only love applied, and which will be adjusted so as to govern all.

With you, my dear one, I claim my inheritance and come into possession of my Divine birthright. The only shadow that ever saddens me, is the thought that we may be separated. To be with you would make a heaven of hell, and to be in heaven without you would be hell in itself. What boots it though all the other saints were there! Without you I am lost — lost. With you I reach the Over-soul.

NUMBER LX.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

In the woods or on the prairie we should go down into Nature and mix with her, just as we bathe in the sea when the waves rush to meet us and we are up-borne by them. How we shout for joy and how glad the spirit is! What freedom there is when we have left our dignity and affectations and fears with our good clothes, and forget all save the sea, the sea, the boundless sea!

Now, could we meet Nature always in this joyous, happy, childlike mood, and let the free air of heaven and the sunshine be the elements in which we revel, what health, what priceless benefit would be ours!

Goethe wrote to Charlotte Von Stein, "I am sure that in some former life you were my friend or else my wife. How otherwise would you so understand me now?"

You, my sweet, love the things I love, your friends are mine; and my most abstruse thought, simply hinted, is at once grasped by you and carried farther.

Last night the cloud effects on the mountains were most beautiful ; the sunset filled my soul with silent joy. I thought you were with me, and I talked to you and called your attention to all this beauty ; and you, too, felt the glory of the scene. We spoke of the Power that brought about these wondrous changes. As we looked the sky changed — with what majesty and dignity ! And then, as I thought, such a sense of stillness — ineffable peace — came over us, as we stood hand in hand !

NUMBER LXI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY DEAR LADY :—

The monotony of the landscape, the stillness of the night, broken only by the hum of insects or the occasional howl of a wolf, and the solitude of the day, as we wind our way westward, afford me a delicious pleasure which I never before experienced. All rivalry, care, apprehension, and thought of sickness or pain, are lost, and I am lulled to rest and lost in dreams of you, and am happy.

After all, dear, it is not each other that we love most, but our love is for the good. You love me because I love the things that you love. We simply happen to be moving in the same direction; and, moving at the same pace, we will go hand in hand.

NUMBER LXII.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

I look into the future and yield myself to love's perfect whole.

The thought comes to me most strongly, that we are fast reaching a point that few mortals ever reach. Dante calls it the state of the "divine passion." We will use this expression, for the word "love" is so general and indefinite. Men say they love their dogs, their food and their children. What do they mean?

Yes, Dante's term defines *our* affection. It is the divine passion which takes one up into the heaven of heavens, and makes one a seer and a prophet. Evolution, not involution, must be our watchword, and each day we will consecrate

ourselves anew to this Love Divine ; and so, by God's help, we will become better, purer, nobler, holier, even, as the days do grow.

NUMBER LXIII.

HONOR HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

My lover is a poet. His thoughts come in rhythmic flow, and suggest — inspire — rather than explain. His soul materializes itself in lines of beauty; in rainbow tints and gentle harmonies, instead of soulless words and cruel logic. Yes, you are right: Love is the inspirer, and that which softens, ennobles the spirit, and gives it strength to grasp the pure and infinite truth.

What you told me of the tendency of theologians and politicians to “argufy” is very true. I notice Mr. Emerson does not talk back; but states his thought so simply that one might suppose that he never heard of anyone's holding an opposite view.

Another thing, dear: How often we hear sweet and simple truths announced in deep, far-

reaching orotund, with awfully solemn, serious visage and great demonstration, as if the truths aforesaid were newly discovered principles.

Too much emphasis weakens the effect. Let us be natural.

After all, there is only one Mind—one Truth—and who shall say what particular man is the Columbus on this great sea of thought, where all may set their sails and catch the breeze coming from out the great Unseen!

NUMBER LXIV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Outwardly I live in a great, desolate wilderness, with no one to keep me company. But love makes it possible for us to forego companionship for a time, so that even in loneliness there is a compensation. Though love at times prompts painful sadness, would we give up love?

Civilization is a manifestation of the same constructive faculty which created the world. Progressive man has well-nigh changed the

entire surface of the earth in that narrow belt where he expatiates in the fullest perfection of his power.

“God created the heavens and the earth;” but creation is only a change of things into useful forms, and the act of creation is going on through the agent which God created in his image, and still instructs from age to age. Man develops by marshaling the forces of nature, and as he organizes them into engines of power he awakens in himself a Godhood which before he wot not of: “God manifest in man.” How sublime the thought!

Change in the use of my brain has brought me health. My mind, dwelling on books, and ways and means, grew weary — and disease, with great, black, flapping wings, hovered near. But life whispered to life, and love came tiptoeing from behind the clouds, and all is made glorious summer; as the cold and the darkness slink away, comprehended by the light and warmth.

Right thinking is sanative, by causing us to contemplate and idealize the good; which, in its highest sense, is harmony in every part — or health itself. You have told me all this, do you care because I send it back?

NUMBER LXV.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

The Spring was behind time, for she had been delayed somewhere on the road by a big Iceberg, that got right in her way and was so unmannerly he would not let her pass.

May had come, for the Flowers said so. They knew it, even if the Wind did not; for he still, stupidly and sullenly, blew chill and cold — just out of habit, I suppose. But the Blossoms and the Buds were tired of waiting, so they just began to open; and everywhere — in woods and meadows, on bushes and trees, by old, rotting logs, in hidden nooks where no eye could see, and on the wild crab-apples where the Thorns stood guard.

There was an apple-tree grew in the corner of the garden that proudly hung its branches over the fence to show the passers-by its flowers and fruit. On this tree grew the daintiest flowers of all; and one little Twig of this tree was more beautiful than all the others, because it was so closely covered with little pink Buds, that were just emerging into Blo-

soms. They seemed to huddle together on the Twig, as if to keep warm, and their eyes were only half open.

One day a grand carriage rolled up to the apple-tree and stopped. A footman sprang down and, drawing down the branch, broke off the Twig and gave it to a lady seated in the carriage. She held the Twig very carefully in her gloved hand; and, when she got home, she took the Twig, with all the little baby Blossoms, into a splendid room, where there were many beautiful palms, cacti from the tropics, climbing orchids, and roses of all kinds — some brought from distant climes. And she put the Twig in a tiny vase, so white that it seemed carved from new-fallen snow — and about the top of the vase was a little band of gold. One of the big Palms told the little Twig that there would be a reception in the afternoon; and the little Twig grew very proud, because she and her baby Blossoms had been invited.

Soon the guests began to arrive, and they promenaded through the grand parlors and looked at the flowers. Some praised too much, some too little; and others whispered to their

companions in sneering tones, when they would laugh. But in all the company no one noticed the Twig and her baby Blossoms; and she said: "Poor little things! No one cares for us here." Then the Blossoms opened their eyes a little; and all looked sorrowfully out of the windows, across a wide meadow, where the lawn was studded with Dandelions — showing everywhere, as they turned their faces up to see the blue sky and the sun. And the Twig looked sadly at them, and said: "Poor, despised Dandelions! No one cares for you, either; you are so common. Why, the people walked right over you when they came here, in this grand parlor, and the same folks went into ecstasies over an orchid, with not near your beauty, and they admired a thorny cactus that squats near me and scared my baby Blossoms."

Then a Sunbeam sprang in at the window, and he kissed the Twig and all the Blossoms, and exclaimed, "Why, look out on the lawn!" And the Twig, looking out, saw a whole little army of Sunbeams dancing among the Dandelions, just as the Sunbeam came to visit her. And as she looked a group of children came, and

among them was one so small she could not walk, and they set her down among the Dandelions; and the little child laughed aloud, and reaching out her chubby hands she picked the flowers in childish glee. And all the children decked themselves with wreaths and garlands, and made curious chains and curls out of the stems; and the Sunbeams joining hands with the children, they danced in joy, until the Sunbeams said they must go home.

Then the children plucked long stalks of Dandelion with feathery crowns, and tried to blow the seeds all away with one breath, to see if their mothers wanted them. And as the Twig watched the Sunbeams steal away behind the far-off hills, the baby Blossoms began to cry, and wanted to go home to the old apple-tree where the robin-red-breast sang to his mate as the sun went down.

Just then a young Lady came through the parlors alone, and seeing the Twig she raised her hands and said, in a low, sweet voice: "How beautiful! How beautiful!" And she took up the tiny vase and pressed the baby Blossoms to her face, and warmed them by her

breath ; and the baby Blossoms opened their mouths, as babies always do when they are kissed. And the Lady said to the Twig : “ Why, how beautiful you are ! You are as pretty as the Dandelions, and yet different. I will hide you and the baby Blossoms away in my heart ; and, keeping you still, I will place you on immortal canvas.” And then a lost Sunbeam, from over the hill-top, came in at the open window, and, kissing the Lady, flushed the pale pink of the Blossoms a deeper rose, and was gone.

“ Do you not see, children ! ” said the Twig. “ God sent the Sunbeams and the Lady. She loves the Dandelions and she loves us, and the Sunbeams love us and the Lady beside ; for, look you, although the Sunbeam has gone, we see where he kissed her wavy hair and her cheek, and his shadow lingers lovingly in her eyes. She has hidden us away in her heart ; and from there will she give out our perfume to all whom she meets, and will keep us safe forever.”

NUMBER LXVI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

You have often felt that the presence of certain people tired you, while after being with others you are refreshed. Receptive souls give us their sympathy—they are not mentally quibbling about our manner or thought. They are willing to take all their intellectual skies will hold, and let the rest go. If we speak well, they are willing to commend; if ill, they forgive by their silence. There are others whose presence we feel as soon as we enter the room—they set their minds in opposition to us, and verbally or mentally refute and try to pull us down or endeavor to cause us to fix our eyes on another goal.

If I make a simple proposition, for instance — “Health is the normal, that is, the natural, condition of man” — our bad angel says, “Oh, yes, of course; but how about cancer, is not that natural, too?” Or if I say, “Nature is planned for benefit,” the retort comes, “Well, how about potato bugs,” etc. Then to keep from appearing ridiculous or sullenly silent I

•

endeavor to explain. Result is, I am soon in an argument; then perplexed by finding my sacred thought pooh-poohed; then I am smiled down, and then I make an inward vow ever after to keep my opinions to myself, and—I have lost five degrees of power and vitality.

To listen is a fine art. All listeners should have sympathy, for language is only the ripple that plays across the face of the deep. Beneath the surface of conscious discourse lies the great world of meditation. Here, in its quiet, mysterious depths, where no tide enters, dwells what soul-force there is in us; and my sweet-heart feels a thousand times more than ever leaps to her lips, in language crude compared to promptings within. For vain are words; and, called upon to prove, we stammer, beat the air, and lose the golden thread of sweet communion. My gentle lady does not proof demand, nor sequence logical; for her great, prayerful soul calls to me across the miles, and thought meets thought in firm embrace—deep calls to deep, this is life indeed—creation.

Right expression of thought does not baffle, distress, agitate or perplex; but brings exalta-

tion, bright, sublime, serene, composed. No vain unrest, with wild regret or striving — reaching out, or sense of failure and inglorious retreat ; but stealing o'er our senses comes the thought of security, peace, and truly do we say that all is well.

So here alone — yet not alone, in all this wealth of nature wild — is wondrous rest ; for no one asks the reason for each proud thought that comes prancing by before my inward gaze, as horses, sinewy, strong, their rich coats glowing in the sunshine, eager for the race, alert, alive.

The healthy intellect is not the one given to logic, controversy and syllogistic wordy warfare. It is the intuitive soul which listens close, inclines the heart and wastes not its force in wind mill duels. It speaks only to those who have ears to hear ; to those who speak again and answer back in kind, not asking why or how or who told you so. What matters it who voiced it first, so long as 'tis truth ?

Better, by far, that to the mount should man ascend, and commune there only with the spirits dear, afar, apart, or gone before into the

Great Beyond, than spend his days in baffling bickerings. —

Let him speak his thoughts, but answer no vain quibble. Let him write his message on the wall of time in legend bold, where all may read; but tarry he shall not, to explain or apologize to those who will not, or cannot understand.

When we speak only for the heart that loves, we never lose our faith, nor with fierce struggle try to read the mysteries of Infinity. These things harass us not; but ever do we pray, "Thy will be done." No hot importunings of High Heaven; but gently do we say, and say again: Thy will be done. Time is our fair seed-field — of time we're heir.

NUMBER LXVII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Wise men recognize and admit the fact that communism as a theory is invulnerable. The society it offers is regular, systematic, symmetrical and right. It has only one fault and that

is, it is impossible. It takes no account of the fact that humanity is made out of very peculiar clay—is full of whims, foibles and inconsistencies.

Love between man and woman implies a community of two: absolute sharing of not only every thing but of every feeling, be it joy or sorrow; and this sharing doubles the joy and halves the sorrow, for have we not tried it?

This communism of two is invulnerable as a theory, and is adamant as a fact. It differs from a communism of society in this—that the man and woman have a oneness of ambition. The very few communities that have been partially successful have had a permeating oneness of thought and aim among their members, and not the complex diversity which is to be found among mankind.

But in the divine passion we each love that which the other loves; and thus our community is ideal—perfect in theory, perfect in practice.

NUMBER LXVIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

MY DEAR LADY:—

One thing only I lack—a soul with whom to share my joy. The grandeur of these mountains cannot be expressed: 'twere vain to attempt it. They must be seen, and this sublimity must be *felt*—but not alone. In all life there must be action and reaction between two human hearts, or emotion stifles and we are drowned in our own element, as bees are sometimes intoxicated by the sweets which they would carry away.

The mountain air buoys one up; and on first coming here, I am told, all feel this splendid exhilaration. Why, I feel like shouting for joy!—and would if you were here.

The wagon train is working its way slowly, and following a mountain gorge that sends a sparkling stream of melted snow dashing past. Snow-capped peaks lift their heads to the skies. If you were here, together we would lift up our eyes to “the hills from whence cometh

our strength." If I had the faith that could remove mountains, I would exercise it now and transport these towering cliffs to you.

Plants and trees, here, are all new and strange to me. I will send you to-day some flowers I have just picked: many kinds of cacti—one very plentiful, with great clusters of pink flowers; another kind, creeping and modest, with a flat leaf and yellow flower. Then great masses of verdure; no large trees, no forests—but only stunted pine on the mountain side, disappearing entirely as we go upward. Then there is a little pink flower that blooms in the gorges almost beneath the snow, and in the valleys are cottonwood and many sunflowers. The first sight that greeted my gaze, this morning, was acres and acres of these wild sunflowers, all with their faces turned to the east, awaiting the rising sun, whose rays were just seen across the prairie.

Do you wonder that men worship the rising sun—it is only following the example of the flowers! Are we sun worshipers, too, dear? These sublime manifestations seem to bring one face to face with the Maker of all. Once

in Boston I saw a watch that did not believe in a watch-maker, but it was a miserable little timepiece — would scarcely run an hour, and could never be depended on; besides, the case was brass, silver plated so poorly and thinly that the base metal was evident to all.

NUMBER LXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

The Infinite has whispered to us and we have harkened to the voice. If God has spoken through men in days ago, why not now? "He changeth not," and are we not His children?

Love inspires, and my insight at times I feel is transcendent; and you, too, have spoken to me in accents beyond man's knowledge. We have felt this Divine impulse on the street or in the woods; but, most of all, in the darkness and the stillness of the night. Then have I breathed your name so gently, so softly — and how quickly, how surely you respond. Perfumes are the silent voices of the flowers; and as the heart feels more keenly in the night-

time, so do the flowers then shed their perfumes.

Many of the most delicate flowers only blossom at their best when the garish light has fled; the violet gives off its sweetness only when moistened by the kiss of the dew. And love's exquisite perfume and love's whisper, are sisters to the stars, and only manifest themselves at their best when the sable curtains of the night are drawn.

With the blind, all of the other senses are much more acute. At night, when sight is folded away, the sense of smell and the sense of touch, how exquisite! If love enhances the faculties of the soul, how, too, does it magnify and refine the imagination! Only lovers know the sense of touch. What consciousness in love's caress! How it speaks — how it transports!

Then we speak of the obscurity of the future as darkness; and blessed darkness it is. If man had a headlight to his faculties, I fear he would see only the rocks and obscurities which threaten his path. He would see, as boys do, while going through the woods by moonlight,

every stump a crouching bear; every tree a giant waving its wrathful arms in warning; every note of night-birds, the screech of demons; and the sighing of the wind, the breath of the damned, come back "to walk the earth by night."

But the future is blank darkness; and love's fervid imagination only pictures it with love's delights. Onward we go, we know not whither; but we fear not, for it is the Infinite leading us. And this darkness only brings us closer together; so why should we not welcome it, when in reality it is brightest light — for love's torch leads and illumines the way.

NUMBER LXX.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

The popular meaning attached to the word "state" is very different from the sense in which the Greeks used it.

In Greece of old, all works of art or beauty belonged to the state. It was regarded as out of place for a man to appropriate to himself

that which could not be destroyed by once using. Art was for all; and the American plan of filling palaces with works of virtu only to be seen by a chosen few, and of fencing in beautiful gardens and parks—putting up threatening signs of warning to intruders—would have brought down the wrath of men, and the displeasure of the gods.

When men worked for selfish pleasure or personal gain they were considered enemies of the state—that is, of the people. “I am the state,” said Louis XIV, and he was not much out of the way; for as a single drop of water mirrors the globe, so each individual is a representative of the state.

The word state also means a condition of mind. I would preserve a state of being so pure, so holy, so gentle, so tender, that I should be worthy to think, to touch and to call you. While on earth, I would live in the highest heaven, that I may be worthy of you; so that my state may be holiness, purity, goodness and love, and my every mood a reflection of God's will.

This were ideal—that I might be worthy

to call you mine ; that I might be worthy to be yours, day and night, now and through all eternity. Then — then we will both be one in truth, and in being one — a part of God himself. Take my hand, dearest, and together let us dwell in the heaven of heavens, and that shall be our *State*.

* * * * *

We find in life just what we are looking for : the qualities we possess attract the like qualities in others. If affection leads, affection is our portion.

Is it jealousy and revenge, we arouse these instincts in others. "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

We receive from others the treatment we deserve, for the action of men toward us is the reflex action which we ourselves have put forth. If we have faith in others, they will put faith in us ; and a right mental attitude on our part increases the value of life for all.

NUMBER LXXI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

You wrote me wisely about how the soul should preserve a certain state of being and not give way to moods; but mood in spirit seems to me but the action of the law of periodicity.

The tide ebbs and flows, the sun rises and goes his daily round, stars march in solemn procession across our range of vision, to disappear and reappear again; work and sleep, rest and action. After the long kiss, the pulses flag and stillness follows; then sleep sinks us lower than the tide of dreams, and our dreams watch us sink and slide away. So my lady knows full well that this wondrous law of periodicity runs through the whole animate world, from the life of the tiniest insect or flower, whose "day of probation" may be a single hour, to the march of the seasons, and to the birth and death of worlds.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, and stars to set."

If in the material world we find periodicity, must we not, too, expect it in the soul of man? And, at the last, we shall find that this life here, is only one of many — only a day — and that to-morrow's life will come, with sunrise, grand, sublime.

Looking from my tent to the towering mountains — snow-capped, proud, majestic — I see a scene beautiful beyond the power of pen to picture. At the base of the foothills is a plain covered with green verdure on which our horses feed; a little beyond are small oval pine trees; then a rippling brook makes melancholy plaint, as it goes hurrying on its way to the sea. Beyond the stream rise tall trees; then rocks, jagged, broken — hurled in wrath by the gods from the mountain's summit. From these rocks upward, the trees grow smaller, stunted, dwarfed, twisted as if in pain; and above, only lichens — the pioneers of vegetation, who trace their ancestry back to the morning of creation.

Beautiful is the scene! Plain, stream, woods, rocks and mountain sky, always in the same relation; but the scene, to me, is never twice alike, the view is never just the same,

Perhaps I do not bring to it the same mental attitude; but granting this, the reflection of light and shade, sunshine and shadow, which play hide and seek across the picture, are never alike—and these are the *moods*; the grand background of it all, is the *state*.

NUMBER LXXII.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Yes, my dear, I think I understand what you mean about change being necessary, and a fixed state of the soul not being desirable. I, too, have watched the changes of nature and had them fill my spirit with sublimity. And I am prone to believe it is the variety, that gives us such delight.

Could I but describe to you what I saw last night as the sun was going down—that combination of the soft, gentle light of love and the grandeur of Infinite Power, all intermixed. The coloring that no hand can imitate—the patches of sunshine here and there, like smiles playing over the features of a great face. “Build thee more stately mansions, O my

soul!" — and these mansions, my dear, were so near, as I stood high upon the hillside, that as I looked I felt myself almost *free*, so near was I to heaven. I have no words to tell of the clouds piled up — billows on billows of grandest glory, all tinged by the crimson of the setting sun. But this morning the sky is wholly unlike it was yesterday; yet it fills my soul so full of its beauty that I can only softly whisper it to you, as I am now doing.

Now, my lover, I will tell you what state is: When anything fills your soul so full of joy and happiness that you live — *live* — LIVE — in a state of joy always changing yet ever the same — this is a *state*.

NUMBER LXXIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

There is nothing that more resembles Divine power than the operation by which the poet, with the aid of the imagination, depicts personages who have never existed, and causes them to take a place in our affection, in our memories, and to live forever as truly as do the

characters of history, or those who have been formed by the hand of the Most High.

Eloquence is the vehicle of personal emotion—a transference of the speaker's feelings to the audience. Poetry is infinitely more varied in its application. It is a making manifest, by words, the beauty that is in all things. As disinterestedness is greater than egotism, so is poetry beyond eloquence. Poetry may be eloquent, but it is more.

NUMBER LXXIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

MY LOVER:—

When you and I have a little cottage down by the sea, or in the mountains, we will not only enthrone Love and make him absolute monarch; but, carefully, dear, I am going to drop—we will have a blackboard on the wall. No house is complete without a blackboard. Alcotts have one in their dining-room; and the dining-room is also their parlor, sitting-room, library, and reception hall; the blackboard is

always in sight. Each morning one of the girls writes on the board some beautiful motto, a verse of poetry, or draws a picture illustrating some truth; and there is always quite a curiosity manifested as to what will come next. Then, at breakfast, the whole family discuss the theme suggested.

NUMBER LXXV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Plant trees on a barren plain and manage to moisten their roots for a few years, and lo! the clouds will come and water them for you. You have really changed the face of nature and the climate. So kind is the Infinite Mother, that she assists us when we try to work out our own salvation with joy and gladness. This is the same law that gives strength to those who work. Use a muscle—Nature assumes it is necessary, and gives increased power in the part. “To him that hath shall be given.”

The men who will get the most satisfaction out of this Western country, will be the bona-fide settlers, not the mere speculators. When

we see system come from confusion, beauty from ugliness, form from chaos, we get a genuine satisfaction from our work; and is not this an attribute of God himself? He develops, from the stagnant pond, the garden of the lotus; from the dust of the earth, each delicate perfume; and from the soil, the daintiest tint that paints the petals of each flower.

So we, to be like Him, find joy in beautifying and producing that which shall have form; and this is what the mind first looks for, on seeing any object: first, form — next, beauty — and our pleasure comes from having made the discovery.

NUMBER LXXVI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

You have doubtless noticed what delicate and variegated tints and shades in colors are produced, in the cultivation of flowers, by commingling the pollen from different plants.

The meeting of different minds in thought, produces like rainbow tints; and beauty comes to light, which is a surprise to all.

NUMBER LXXVII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

The present seems always arid — profitless ; but if enriched with the treasures of the past, and animated by great hope for the future, heaven can indeed be here and now.

It requires the scope of genius to appreciate the blessings of the present.

NUMBER LXXVIII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Stinging harshness is the only mood of many who pride themselves on belonging to the literati. In criticism they know only one system of tactics : the fixed bayonet. In social life they take no prisoners for they give no quarter ; their pathway is strewn with carnage. Never adding anything to the world's literature, they have an endless pique against those who do. They will take up a book that has cost years of study and work, and shelve it by a wave of

the hand and the single exclamation, "Rubbish!" One might suppose that some Herod had sent them forth to slaughter all the innocents of two years old and under.

Green lives, only because he denounced Shakespeare as a plagiarist. Corneille had nothing but bitter denunciation for Moliere. Cowley thought Chaucer a fool, and worse. Pope flew at the throat of Colley Cibber. Fielding would never have written a line were it not for Richardson, whom he calls a mouse-colored ass. Johnson said he "would hang a dog that read Lycidas twice." Jeffrey read Wordsworth's simple, touching verse and shouted, "This will never do!"—and the same critic hanged on one tree Fennimore Cooper, Walter Scott, and Washington Irving. Montesquieu died from the stab of a critic's pen. Lowell has only unkindness for Thoreau. Berkley, Reid, Goldsmith, Shelley, Keats, and Byron, in life were always close pursued by hounds, and felt their hot, rabid breath upon them. But, after all, I believe there is a slowly growing disposition to withhold off-hand decisions—an appreciation of the fact that a writer

on a certain theme may possibly have given it greater thought than he who has just read it. In criticism, there are many who read to find the good; and, finding it, commend. If they point out errors, they do it in a way which gives the opposition an opportunity to retreat in good order, without loss of honor — as Socrates once walked off from the field of battle when his companions scampered — or, in case of a complete surrender, they are willing to grant the offender amnesty.

PART THREE.

NUMBER LXXIX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy in deep trouble. The Mill Company do not pay dividends. Yet he assures Miss Meredith her stock will pay returns as usual. If he cannot borrow money to keep his promise, he will suicide, and leave his body to the Medical Department of Harvard College.

[On reading this letter the first time, I could not persuade myself that it was not a joke ; but since I have come to know the character of Dr. Holworthy, I see that he was very much in earnest. The thought that he might lose Miss Harold, if she should find that he had made false statements, seems to have frenzied him and he swung over an abyss. Yet it was the kindness of his heart which first prompted him to assure Miss Meredith of her dividends. The first impulse of every heart is good ; and,

if wrong enters, it is an after-thought. Like many another, he lacked the moral courage to be truthful; not because he was base, but on account of his weakness. He was young and inexperienced, then; but, stronger now, by far, the doctor will recognize the justice of my remarks as he reads these lines. E. H.]

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 30, 1851.

DEAR ARTHUR:—

It's all up. When you get this, all will be over. The best I can do is to make my will, leaving the cadaver to the college; a good subject is worth full forty dollars, and this will help repay what they have advanced me. Have not yet decided what route I will take, but chloroform is easy and sure; morphine is uncertain. Perhaps if I should take it in small doses, gradually increasing the quantity, recording sensations and symptoms to the very last, it might be of value to the profesh, and would attract much attention when published in the *Review*. Keep your eye on the *Review*, Arthur.

The Livingston Mill is in awful bad shape, they now say, and there is no hope for a dividend on Nov. 1st. If I had the money, I

would just fork it over to Aunt Marie and say nothing; it's only a hundred and eighty!

The old woman is still awfully twisted up; can't get out of bed, scarcely. Peabody has been giving tincture of *Strychnos Ignatia*, but no go.

The doctor asked me to go over with him, as it was an interesting case; and, first thing, says the old woman, "Dr. Holworthy, is the Livingston Mill Company going to pay dividends on Nov. 1st?" I smiled and said, "Oh, yes; just got a letter from 'em. Friend of mine in the office, you know. It may be a few days late—just as it was before. Let me see your tongue, please."

Dr. Holmes always talked to us about bringing a cheerful, helpful atmosphere into the sick-room, as a physician's presence cures more than his medicine. I always bear this in mind; and once, when I forgot my medicine-case, I fixed 'em up four powders of flour—which I always carry with me. This, taken in *aqua pura* every four hours, cured in two days. It was my personal magnetism, you see, that did the biz; so, wherever I go, I am always

heavy on the mag. Aunt Marie was much better the night after I was there.

But surely the Livingston will pay the dividend. They have skipped two; this will put them in good shape. I would go to Honor; but — God help me, old chum! — she thinks the Mill Company paid the other, and I will have to lie to her. I can lie to anyone else on earth and not twitch a muscle; but I can't lie to the tall Iris. She looks right at me, so quiet and calm, and believes all I say. Then I was a little short when the note was due, and she let me renew.

No; don't tell me to borrow of the Goddess! Can't do it. I'll try to work some of the boys, and if the medicine does not operate I'll just make my will (have the rough draft now) and prescribe *Nux Vomica* for

Yours distractedly,

JACK.

NUMBER LXXX.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes sends the \$180 to Holworthy to give to Miss Meredith. All the money he has, and more. Has prospect of great increase in pay.

CAMP CHEYENNE, NEAR PIKE'S PEAK,
Nov. 25, 1851.

JOHN HOLWORTHY.

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of 30th ult. just received. I send you by Wells-Fargo Overland Express, one hundred eighty dollars, which, of course, you will turn over to Miss Meredith at once.

This takes all my pay since I left St. Louis and a few dollars over, which I borrowed from Mr. Buckthorn. I have in my trousers pocket just sixty-seven cents, but that is fully sixty cents more than I need; as I have no use for tobacco or whisky, and Uncle Sam supplies board and clothing. Besides this, I have a prospect of better pay— one hundred dollars a week or more. The position is open for me,

and they await my acceptance. Would you take it?

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES.

NUMBER LXXX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy gives to Miss Meredith the money Forbes has sent. She thinks of course the money came from the Mill Company. Holworthy, astounded at the prospect of Forbes getting one hundred dollars a week, begs him to a secure like position for himself.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 1.

MY OWN DEAR CHUM:—

Brave, manly Arthur of the Round Table—my Arthur—has sent the \$180, and I have received the money and given it to an old, helpless woman, who has struggled a life-time through many trials and tribulations, working always for others. Even now she is planning ways to supply colored women, who have run away from slavery, with clothing.

She brightened up great when I gave her the crisp notes. Honor was there, and I waited until she was in the room. When she saw me give over the money she looked as suprised and pleased as if it was she who got the money, and they both thanked me, and shook hands all round.

Honor was putting the house to rights, and I never knew a broom could be so becoming to a woman before. I watched her as she swept, and if the old woman had not been there I would have tumbled on my knees right on the rag carpet. She was so gentle and kind to the old lady, I wished to the Lord I had the sciatica, too, and told her so. She did not hear me, I guess. She is so tall, so stately, so gentle, and yet so proud. She speaks in such a low, sweet voice, and is so well poised I am almost afraid of her.

But the \$100 a week! Why, it turns my head. I am in the drug store and get considerable practice, and my work in the Dispensary and Hospital besides, only brought me in \$68.50 since I graduated in June. I always knew you were smart. They must have known your

average was 95, or they never would have offered you any such place. If you do not take it, keep it for me. I will come on call. The Iris will feel very bad, I know; but if I can get a little start in the world, I will come back for her. Couldn't you get a place for us both at one hundred a week? Why! it's as much as the President of Harvard gets.

Write just the moment you get this and tell all about it.

Yours for business,

JACK.

NUMBER LXXXII.

THANKFUL PEEPSON TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Peepson demands that Dr. Holworthy shall see that the draft of \$89.50 is sent him at once.

CONCORD, MASS., Dec. 1, 1851.

DR. J. HOLWORTHY.

DEAR SIR: By registered mail I send this. Please have your friends in Livingston Mill at

Lowell mail me draft \$89.50, amount due me, being usual dividend on stock in said Co.

I will waive interest on same since date due, Nov. 1st, if paid at once. I advise you to act promptly.

Yours for truth and right,

J. PEEPSON.

NUMBER LXXXIII.

DR. J. HOLWORTHY TO THANKFUL PEEPSON.

Dr. Holworthy refuses to pay Mr. Peepson any further sum, and defies him in a slightly sarcastic note.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Dec. 2, 1851.

DEACON PEEPSON.

POLYP: You once wrote me promising that if I sent you a certain sum of money, I would not hear from you again. The temptation was too great and I succumbed; but alas! fool that I was to believe in the promises of a microbe. Hath a pismire honor, and can a tape-worm keep a promise? Hades yawns for thee, thou worse than beast.

Once I flung you my purse ; now, I defy you,
scorn you! Bologna, do your worst! My
address is

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.,
CENTRAL SQUARE DRUG STORE,
CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Dr. Holworthy once for all decides to commit suicide and so informs Mr. Forbes. Immediate cause being the result of an interview with Miss Harold. Full details related in this last message to his friend.

[There are two classes of men who seriously contemplate suicide, the weak and the strong. The remark is often made that only a coward is afraid to live, thus all suicides are cowards; but the facts do not bear out the charge. The retort might be made that all who live are cowards and afraid to die, and the remark might not come far from truth. When outward environment is adverse—circumstances baffle—the weak man thinks of suicide as a relief, but the strong man rises to the emer-

gency and is made stronger by difficulty. Yet, having conquered outward circumstance, this strong man, for lack of an inward consciousness of right, may feel such a dissatisfaction with self and with what the future has in store, that he coolly surveys the prospects, provides for those dependent on him, and departs hence. Such a typical case occurred in Boston a few weeks before this writing.

Suicide, however, in nineteen cases out of twenty, occurs when reason is unseated: thus the question of strength of intellect, or of cowardice, does not enter. Such men as Holworthy very seldom become insane and never commit suicide. Forbes knew this, and probably these despondent letters troubled him but little. E. H.]

NUMBER LXXXV.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 4, 1851.

TO A. R. FORBES.

DEAR ARTHUR: This will be the last letter you will ever receive from John Holworthy, M. D. Up to a certain point one can bear the ills and stings of outrageous fortune; but beyond this, life becomes a mockery. Thank

Heaven, I know a precipice over which disgrace cannot follow!

You have said you do not believe in a personal devil; but this was because you forgot, at the moment, Mr. Thankful Peepson of Concord. This monster went all over the village telling that I was in league with the Livingston Mill Company to defeat the stockholders and swindle the public. He told this to Aunt Marie, to your mother, to the whole town; and worse—ten thousand times worse!—he told it to the Goddess. But she is the smartest woman on earth; she knew better, and told him so to his pious dough face and County Galway whiskers.

I saw her this morning, and she said she wanted to walk with me. Think of it, old man!—with *me*! Then, when we got out of earshot of your mother, she said, “Dr. Holworthy, I am your friend, and we can be frank together, can’t we?” I thought she was going to propose; although it ain’t leap-year. I stammered, “Most certainly!” and asked her to take my arm. “Dr. Holworthy,” said she, “the Livingston Mill Company have paid no dividends for a year.

You paid those last two dividends out of your own hard-earned savings — laying by dollar by dollar, depriving yourself of many things you needed that the helpless woman might not suffer. Am I right?" She looked at me with her big, open eyes, and her voice came so low and sweet. I was just drinking it in, not paying much attention to her words, when she paused and looked at me. I said, "Yes ma'am." "I knew it! I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I always knew you had a great and generous heart."

I was going to speak right out, then — I clenched my hands and said to myself, "Now or never!" — but she kept right on talking and I got no show. "I told Aunt Marie it was so; for that man Peepson had been to her and told her that the Mill Company had paid no dividends to him, and that he was going to arrest you — and much more foolishness. I divined how matters stood, and went and told him that you had doubtless paid the money out of your own pocket."

Well, old man, I saw her heart was touched. No one on earth knows that the money was not mine but you, and I can trust my Arthur. He

will never desert me, and it is only for you to keep quiet and I will win her. All is fair in love and war!

“I do not blame you,” she said, “for not explaining it all. You are too modest to tell the truth at all times.” (God help us, old man, did you hear that?) “But now that Miss Meredith knows of your great kindness, you had better go to her at once and confess your fault; she will forgive you. When the truth dawned upon her that you had paid the money out of your own pocket she almost cried, your goodness touched her so.”

I thought she was melted, and out I spoke, “I love you, Honor—I worship and adore you—will you be mine?” I gasped for breath, the earth seemed to sweep from under my feet; I could go no farther, although I had written out and committed a beautiful speech, which took ten minutes to repeat in the rehearsing.

She made no reply for a full minute; then she said, “Dr. Holworthy, you are clutching my arm so that it is numb.” And, sure enough, my fingers were digging right down to the humerus. I tried to apologize, but my tongue

was paralyzed. She then spoke, in a tone now gentle and sweeter than ever before: "Dr. Holworthy, I respect you and am your friend, as I am the friend of all other good men and women everywhere; beyond this we can be nothing to each other. Now we will forget the words you have just spoken. You will never pain me by repeating them. You must come to see me, just as before, and we will be friends." Then she reached out her dear hand, with the long, taper fingers all alive. I held the hand just an instant, and she looked at me; but I saw there was no love there for me.

God forgive me for my sins, and for what I am about to do! There is nothing left but to go back to chaos and try it over. If there is a hell there, it can be no worse than this. If it is oblivion, I am glad. To-morrow I will know. Farewell, — farewell. Remember me only to forget.

Farewell,

JACK.

NUMBER LXXXVI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

When about to take the fatal plunge the hand of Dr. Holworthy is stayed by what he considers providential intervention. A brilliant idea comes to him; he puts it into execution with melodramatic swiftness.

[It seems at first view almost astounding in what chimerical schemes men will embark, convincing themselves by sophistical reasoning that their plans are safe. No doubt we all have a decided bias in favor of self, and when this is badly warped to "t'other side" by the feverish hope of a man in love, it treads the border-land of insanity. Yet I find Dr. Holworthy's record at Harvard most excellent — his average for three years being ninety-four and three-quarters — which only proves that a good standing in college does not necessarily imply a goodly stock of that uncommon article common-sense.

Not every man who owns a gun can hit the bull's-eye. And they say it sometimes happens that when men tarry too long at the books, intellectual strabismus follows, so that accurate marksmanship in worldly affairs is well-nigh impossible. Learning sometimes is only sterility.

E. H.]

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 6, 1851.

HELLO OLD MAN:—

I wrote you in the dumps yesterday, but hasten to mail this to relieve you of anxiety. If you get the letters at the same time, burn the other before you read it.

I fully intended to depart hence, and you know when I decide on a thing it is mighty apt to be a go. But, like Abraham, my hand was stayed. (I was doing both parts—I was Abe and Ike both. Ha, ha!—pretty good—don't you think so?) I had measured out the dose in a graduate glass— one and one-half ounce double Tinct. Belladonna—when, by the great Josiah Quincy! the thought struck me athwart the diaphragm, and I took two fingers Spirits Frumenti instead of the Belladonna, and sat down to think it over.

Yes; she said I had a g-r-e-a-t and g-e-n-e-r-o-u-s heart—*the exact words*. Now, if I could only prove to her that I had a g-r-e-a-t and g-i-g-a-n-t-i-c intellect, she would see at once that I was her heaven-appointed mate.

Yes, old man, I did it! Straight to Concord, and into old Smith's drug store, I went; told

him I was a trifle off in my lumbar region, and wanted to prescribe for myself. "All right; help yourself, Jack!" said he. (He is always too lazy to get up.)

Two oz. Spir. Frumenti. Aqua pura three drops. Mix. Take at one dose. Then I went straight over to the bank across the street, and said, "Morning, Mr. Becket! I just ran in to get those Mill Certifs that Miss Meredith left here. I am looking after her affairs; she's all, crippled up, you know. How are the folks? How's the old lady? How are the girls? and how's the baby?"

It worked. He went back to the vault, and handed out a big brown envelope with Aunt Marie's name on it, and said the baby had the mumps but was getting over them.

"You are looking well, Mr. Becket," says I; "good day!" — and out I walked, first buttoning that big envelope very tight inside my coat. Went straight to Aunt Marie's, for Honor is taking care of her.

Your aunt began to thank me, first thing, for all I had done. Said she could never repay me — and all such gush, just as a woman will —

for the mill stock could not be sold, and would never pay a dividend; she was going to the poor-house, etc.

Finally I shut her off by saying: "Here, now, I have come to pay you a professional visit. Let me *see* your tongue, not hear it." Then I felt her pulse, took out my watch as if to count it, and said, off-hand like: "Oh, your money is all right! Now, will you both agree to trust me and ask no question if I tell you something very important?" They agreed.

"Well, I saw the crash coming, — got a pointer from a friend in the Hide and Leather, and I went ahead and sold your stock over six months ago and invested the money in Old Colony. They were coupon certifs, so you didn't have to sign 'em. A little cheeky, I'll admit; but you were down abed, and there was no time to consult. I did not want to confess it, yesterday, to Miss Honor; but the last money I gave you was the divy on Old Colony — the first, I paid out of my own pocket. You are so much better, to-day, I am not afraid to tell you the truth. Let's tell the truth and shame the devil. Now, then, that's all there is about it;

and twice a year I will see that you get the divy on O. C."

Both women raised their hands, and screamed with surprise. They started to ask questions. "There!" said I; "what did you promise?" Then they subsided, and I said, as I started away: "Oh, we men can look after the financial side all right! We are out among 'em and know what's going on."

Aunt Marie wrung my hand and kissed me (probably the first man she has kissed in forty years). I wiped off the kiss, and waited for the other to follow suit; but she passed, and shook my hand instead. Her look was not the same disinterested one she gave before — not much.

Well, you ask, as you put your feet on the table, What are you going to do next?—and, old man, if you will wait a second, I will tell you.

They say the mill is in bad shape; I know better. Butler is receiver, and he is a hummer. He will make it pay. You see now? Well, when they pay the next dividend, I will just tell the girls that I sold the Old Colony and bought Livingston, and nobody is hurt, but

all hands much pleased, and now she believes I have a g-r-e-a-t head.

I always provide for accidents, old chum ; and if, through any accident, the mill does not pay a divy, I can easily pay the \$180 out of my own pocket (I charged on books to-day \$7.50). Can't you see, stupid? And before a second dividend-day rolls around, it's ten to one, the old woman will be dead. This rheumatism may go to her heart any day ; and then — don't you know, dullard! — we will be married in less than three months!

After the old woman is under the ground she will have no use for money anyway, and I will give her mill certifs over to her executor to sell for waste paper. Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, H-A-R-V-A-R-D. Congratulate me, old chum ; and believe me ever to be your own,

JACK.

NUMBER LXXXVII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Forbes deprecates the hasty, ill-advised course of Dr. Holworthy and begs him to change his plans.

CAMP CHEYENNE, KANSAS TERRITORY,

Dec. 24, 1851.

MY DEAR JACK:—

Your letters of the 5th, and 6th inst. were brought in by the courier last night. You have pained me, dear chum; for you have wronged your own soul by these falsehoods you have told. I know full well that you have done this thing for the benefit of another, and that you yourself do not expect to thrive by this operation; but yet you are striving to make a favorable impression on Miss Harold. Do you not know that all *striving* for effect is fruitless? We deceive nobody but ourselves. Now, supposing you could convince Miss Harold that you are a great and far-seeing man, and you should marry her: surely she would find out, some day, that you are only Jack Holworthy — and then!

And how would this unmasking affect you and her? Would it give peace and happiness? My old, hot-headed, impulsive, affectionate chum should pass for just what he is. He is a fine fellow and needs no whitewash. Quit the dissembling, my boy; get back at all cost. These falsehoods will surely unhorse you, if persisted in.

I cannot advise you just how; but get back to truth, my boy, for your Arthur's sake. You and I have had our little fling together; but now we are men, and let us act a brave and manly part.

You speak of what you are pleased to call "Spir. Frumenti" as a cure for all ills, but it is an enemy that is stealing away your brains.

I am making more money than ever before. Yes, my salary is more than that of Sparks. If you want to help Aunt Marie, as I know you do, just tell her the whole truth, and assure her you have plenty of money so she will never suffer—I will send you what is required.

Believe me, dear old chum, to be ever

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Forbes describes what his peculiar work is. Rides by night between the setting and rising sun, eighty miles twice a week, as mail carrier or courier. Vivid pictures of the darkness. Accedes to request of Dr. Holworthy, and will get him similar work.

[In a former letter Forbes stated that this work would pay \$100 per week, a statement I could hardly credit. But the following letter I have just received, throws light on the cause why.]

E. H.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2, 1893.

TO ELBERT HUBBARD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of March 27th received, wherein you request, for historical purposes, information as to maximum compensation paid to individual mail carriers or couriers, during years 1851 and 1852.

In reply will say the records show the work, where extra hazardous, was done by volunteers, and the payment seemed to follow the law of Supply and Demand. If couriers on certain routes were killed, volunteers were asked for and the compensation increased to a point where someone would step forward.

Thus I find as high as one thousand dollars a month was paid, for a short time on the route between Forts Laramie and Assinaboine. I beg to suggest that the life of Gen. John C. Fremont, also Buell's History of the Plains, will give you facts of interest on this theme.

Yours, etc.,

DANIEL M. LAMONT,
Sec'y of War.]

BAD MAN'S GULCH, ROCKY MTS.,

Dec. 28, 1851.

MY DEAR JACK:—

I have not written anyone at home just what I am doing, for they might worry about it. But the fact is, there is not much danger, after all. A countryman going into Boston, is amazed to think that many people are not killed crossing Tremont Street, where the travel is so dense and the teams are clattering up and down the narrow thoroughfare over the stony pavement. But a woman could cross there ten times a day for twenty years, before an accident would befall her.

Well, you quiet, peaceful people would suppose I am in a dangerous business, but it is

because you fear the unknown. I know the dangers, therefore I am not afraid.

I carry the mail from this camp to Fort San Jacinto — just eighty miles. By the wagon road it is only seventy-two, but I take a trail or path through the mountains instead ; for there are hostile Indians all about, and to fall into their hands would be sure death. The miners and trappers have made the game scarce, and in fact the Indians have just cause for complaint, for the whites have over-run their country ; and if they utter a protest, the answer is the significant one of simply patting the stock of a rifle. So the Indian looks upon every white as his enemy. They prowl around our camp, and swooped down last week like a cyclone, yelling, pounding on dried skins, and stampeded our horses that were grazing not a quarter of a mile from the fort, killing right before our eyes a soldier who was herding the stock.

We tried to follow with a posse of soldiers, but our best horses were gone ; and the Indians divided into three parties, and were soon lost among the rocks where we could not follow.

Now, if I would ride out alone in the day-

time, the chances are I would be watched and killed by Indians in an hour. At any rate, they would head me off, so I could not get back. My horse might outrun theirs for a time, but my scalp would eventually adorn some dusky warrior's girdle. So I ride by night, leaving this camp any evening I wish. I select a strong young horse or mule, and ride the eighty miles before daylight the next morning. It is hard on the mule, to be sure. And the one I rode three weeks ago, died an hour after I got in — but Uncle Sam is rich.

The darkness is our protector. In the night we are safe. The one thing to fear is daylight. There are six different routes, and I take just which I choose; never going by the same trail twice, so the Indians are not very apt to way-lay me, not knowing which road I will take, or what night to look for me. Another thing, the Indian knows nothing of system, and could not possibly comprehend why a single rider should make the trip at all. *He* gets no mail, and if you will turn to your Sidney Smith, you will see that Moral Philosophy says we cannot imagine things which we have not seen. So the stupid

Blackfeet really do not know that a man rides regularly each week between these forts, and thus he is safe.

It's a hard ride; ten miles an hour means your horse on a stiff gallop. I usually select a mule, though, as they are surer footed. It's only two nights a week, down and back. The darker the night the better, for I can always see the snow-capped mountain peaks, and I guide my course by these.

The trails are deep paths made by buffaloes, and you can safely trust the mule to stick to the path—in fact, it would be hard to force him off the trail. I carry a rifle, looped over the horn of the saddle, with my right hand on the stock to steady it; two revolvers and a knife—so you see I am always ready to protect myself quickly. Very few of the Indians have fire-arms, and they have a superstitious dread of them; so you see, after all, the risk is very slight.

As the mule gallops I lean forward, close my eyes in sleep, and dream of old Hollis, and the boys of '52. There you are—six hundred men sleeping within the bounds of Harvard

Yard, all with nightmare for fear of the approaching Exam. — and I alone with God on a mountain side at midnight. Not a human being, save savages, within forty miles. Snow-capped spires lift their heads against the blackness of the sky; and, adown the valleys, stretching off into the night, the shadows make deep gulfs that speak of depths unsounded. Then once more I lift my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength and a prayer comes to my lips: “I thank thee, my God, that thou hast made me a man — that I can live, enjoy, appreciate, and know somewhat of thy greatness.”

Do not laugh, Jack, because I pray. I never did before, to be sure; but this solitude, and the grandeur of the night, fills me with a sense of sublimity which before I knew not of.

Believe me, dear Jack, I am

Ever your old chum,

ARTHUR.

P. S. Yes, I can get you a place. The last man on my route was killed, but it was because he was so foolhardy as to take the

wagon road through the valley. Gooseberry Jake rides the Laramie trail. He will let you take it half the time. When will you be here?

NUMBER LXXXIX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. Holworthy writes a breezy letter in which he makes the subtile suggestion that Mr. Forbes must be in love. Thinks the position of scout is not adapted to his own particular wants. When he enlists proposes to go as a general. Relates the evidences of prosperity.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 19, 1852.

DEAR ARTHUR:—

Your very entertaining letter received. You seem a trifle broke up, old man. Your liver is not working just right, I guess; try blue pill, with whiskey and quinine. When a sensible man begins to pray and talk poetry, it's one of two things, dead sure—diagnosis

unfailing; it's his liver, Arthur, or, by the great Epictetus, he is in love. You said there are no women in the West but squaws, so my professional opinion is that it's insufficient flow of bile.

Do not worry about that little affair of Livingston Mill stock. It is not in the shape I wish it was, and if I had the thing to do over, I would not do what I have done, but I am in for it now. My steps cannot be retraced, so I will just carry it through, and keep you fully informed.

What a curious streak it is in humanity that we must tell someone all about our joys and sorrows! All is divided with the friend. I rather think, though, that you never told me as much of your heart as I have told you of mine. Perhaps you do not feel so deeply—you are not so sensitive. You are exoteric rather than esoteric, "if I may be allowed the expression," as Pennaworth would say.

About the place, though, old chum—you are very kind, but I do not think the night air would agree with me. I never could ride horseback, anyway—and the being alone forty

miles from a human soul! Why, I was never a quarter of a mile from my folks in all my twenty-six years! Once I got into Boston at two o'clock in the morning, on a train, and I felt awful queer walking up the street — only a policeman here and there, and it did make me feel a little shaky. Now, how would I look out on a mountain side, with only a mule, and expecting to fall off every minute at that! Why, it makes me creep all up and down my spinal column to think of it! How, in Heaven's name, can you stand it, Arthur? You are welcome to the hundred dollars a week. It's a lot of money, I know; but it would not tempt me to ride a mule eighty miles, even here, where there are no Indians — day-time, besides.

I am getting quite a little practice outside of the drug store — have three cases of fever, one measles, and expect two obstetrics up in the Smith tenement house some time next month. Collected \$4.85 last week. Charged on books \$37.50, so you see I am making money.

Yours for keeps,

JACK.

P. S. When I enlist, if I ever do, I will enlist for a general. How's that, old man! A woman just came in to say that I must stay near home, as I might be called up at the tenement house most any time now.

NUMBER XC. ·

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Private Forbes gets into an altercation by refusing to carry out a brutal order of his captain. Is threatened with dire penalties. Thinks best to tell his own side of the story; thinking, perhaps, word of his disgrace(?) may reach his Cambridge friends. Seems slightly down-hearted, as if he felt a foreboding of coming evil. Tells Holworthy he does not think Livingston Mill will pay dividends, so sends \$360 to insure payment of interest to Miss Meredith for at least a year.

FORT SAN JACINTO, Feb. 20.

MY DEAR JACK:—

A little circumstance has come up here that

may make me trouble. Just how much, I do not know — but here goes. You have inflicted me with your troubles, now I will do as much for you.

The captain of the fort here is one Snyder; and, being clothed in a little brief authority, he doth cut such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make angels weep. He is a coxcomb of the coxcombs, and never thinks of speaking to a private under any considerations, no more than if we were hitching posts. Generally there is a fine fraternal feeling among the officers and men in these out of the way places, for where danger lurks formality ceases. Just a little letting up on the stern discipline of military system. But this Snyder got the appointment here by some kind of political huckstering, and is fresh from some fort in the East, where they shoot nothing but blank cartridges. He demands a present arms and salute from every man, wherever we happen to meet him. Hitching posts get no recognition, but the aforesaid have to recognize.

Yesterday the gallant captain was out in his gilt and feathers, admiring his shadow; and

when passing a young fellow who sat on a log smoking, our young fellow failed to salute.

Snyder was furious, and turned back and asked the soldier if he knew who he (Snyder) was. The fellow said he "did not, but would much like an introduction." I was near, cleaning up my saddle, when Snyder roared in my direction and ordered me to take my rifle and arrest the man. I did so, and marched the lad inside the fort; when two more soldiers were called up, and I was ordered to tie the offender up by the thumbs and give him twenty lashes with the quirt. I had been in an Indian skirmish with the boy and knew he was brave and a good soldier, and the order to lay on the lash was only a burst of passion — an arbitrary whim. And I told Snyder as much, putting it in mild and persuasive language — but no good. He then ordered three more men to tie *me* up by the thumbs and give me thirty lashes on the bare back. I took off my coat ready to be thrashed, but not a man of all the hundred would lift his finger against me; and so the result was that neither the soldier nor I was whipped.

Snyder threatened to shoot me ; but casting a look around among the boys, several of whom had their hands on their pistols, he changed his mind. I went to him, after an hour, and tried to apologize ; but he refused to talk with me, merely saying he had "made information against me for mutiny and as soon as a new company of soldiers could be got here he would court-martial me, and a courier had already been sent off with the order for troops." I think the courier did not know what sort of a message he was carrying, or he would not have gone.

Military regulations are very stiff and arbitrary — they have to be, I suppose ; but injustice is sometimes done in these out of the way spots, where authority is vested in the hands of hot-headed, ignorant men.

Of course I could run away ; but I told Snyder I would stay and see it through.

I ride the route to the Gulch to-night, and back next week. If Snyder had the power he would put me in irons ; but there is none to do it, so I propose to go right ahead and do my duty, just as if nothing had happened. I understand that the President of the United States alone

has power to grant pardon to mutinous soldiers (it is a base mutineer who writes you this), and if Snyder pushes the matter which I hardly think he will do) it may possibly be necessary for my old chum to interest some of the Professors in my case — get them to sign a petition in my favor, sending it to the President. Some men never enjoy the honor of having the President of the United States interest himself in their behalf. Well, I will never be president, so the next best thing is to have one pardon me — grant me absolution, as it were.

I have come to the conclusion that the Livingston Mill will not pay any dividend in the near future. When a receiver is appointed there is little hope for the stockholders. It will never do to leave Aunt Marie without an income, and it may happen you will not have the money when the dividend-day rolls around, and, as I was paid off last week, I have sent you \$360, which will cover a year's interest on your Old Colony.

It may interest you to know that I weigh more than ever before in my life, and if I ever was sick I have forgotten it. About my books —

oh, just divide them up, and let Bridges give them to the new-comers who need them most. Some of the boys are not burdened with wealth, and they always appreciate these little favors.

Affectionately,

ARTHUR.

NUMBER XCI.

CAPT. J. M. SNYDER TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Captain Snyder's version of the difficulty.

DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.

FORT SAN JACINTO, Feb. 20, 1852.

SIR:—I beg to report that an insurrection, headed by a brigand named Forbes, has occurred among my troops.

My orders are totally disregarded, and to-day the men stood about with hands on their small arms and threatened to shoot me. I am powerless, and practically a prisoner. This Forbes is a mail carrier and scout — a desperate charac-

ter, and seems to have secured a most undue influence among the command.

There were none who would assist me in placing him in irons. Send a company at once to my rescue.

SNYDER, *Commanding.*

NUMBER XCII.

CAPT. J. M. SNYDER TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Another letter from Captain Snyder, in which he reports that Forbes has fled, taking with him a large amount of money. Description of the deserter.

FORT SAN JACINTO, Feb. 27, 1852.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT, FORT ROCKY FALLS.

SIR: I beg to report that since advising you of mutiny in my command, leader of insurrection has deserted, taking with him mail and package of \$788, said money being consigned to paymaster, Fort Alamo.

With disappearance of mutineer, have been able to regain command and put down insurrection, so cancel request for troops. I give

description of deserter so you can issue order for arrest. Charges against him would be: 1st, Mutiny; 2d, Grand larceny; 3d, Desertion; 4th, Inciting insurrection. Right name unknown, but calls himself Arthur Ripper Forbes. Sometimes called Raw-Raw; at others, Fifty-two. (This supposed to have been his number in some prison.) Born at Harvard, Conn., and evidently once employed by firm of Stauch & Trew, as he often refers to them. Height, 6 ft. 3 in.; weight, 180; erect carriage, dark complexion, talks little. At first view his habits seem proper, religious—reads church service where death occurs in camp—same at times on Sunday—this evidently to make a good impression; good horseman, sharp shooter, hard hitter and handy with knife. Makes friends easily, and is apt to deceive all but the most discerning. Is very cool-headed, and great care must be used in making arrest as he shoots quick and to kill.

J. M. SNYDER, *Captain.*

NUMBER XCIII.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO HONOR HAROLD.

Mr. Buckthorn tells of the disappearance and shows his appreciation of the character of Mr. Forbes. Puts in a good word for himself.

[In the letters written by Mr. Buckthorn I regret to find expressions bordering on profanity, and various slang terms. My first impulse was to strike out all such, but I have decided to print the letters verbatim, trusting to the good sense and kind consideration of the reader to pardon the rude expressions of a rough frontiersman, whose heart was evidently capable of tender feeling. Let no one imagine that Buckthorn's love for his "pardner" was not very great because he adds a postscript to this sad epistle, introducing another theme. The true soldier looks on death as an event that may come to himself or companions at any hour, and when the grim messenger arrives, no excess of emotion is shown. Who shall say that his love is often not as great as ours who wring our hands, cry aloud, and wear on our sleeves the outward mark of grief? E. H.]

BAD MAN'S GULCH, CAMP OF THE 46th,
COMPANY B, March 2, 1852.

MISS

I takes my pen in hand tu say that me pard, Mister Forbes, has not showed up for nigh two weeks. You see the Envelop in which this yer letter is put is direckted by him tu you. He direckted it quite some time ago and told me if any time he didn't ride the mewl in on time tu jest wate a week and rite and tell you of it. an ax were i shall send his traps. His money wot he allus left in his chist is bout two hundred this I was ter send you fer his ole mammy, I low the Blackfeet have gobbled him. the loss aint on youns miss, it is on weuns who node him. its a bad blow tu this ere camp. 52 uster have church on Sunday, and las Sunday afternoon just as the Sun was hidin behin Bald Mounting the bugle called the boys for prayers, an 52 gave em his last talk. it were a better sarmint than I ever heerd from any livin gospel sharp. he teched us up on our cussin an drinkin and gamblin and several of the boys melted. No one can take the place of 52. God help us. i would hav fit fer him in

a minute and did slap a fellers gob to-day who said that he had gone tu hell, axin yer pardon, were all Yanks ort ter be. i am a Arkansasian myself but 52 was white. he was as fine a feller as ever busted a broncho. Were shall i send his Traps? 4 letters here from you for 52 unopened, as they are big and fat I low they are werry important, so I sends em back tu you to wunst.

Hopin yer will simpathize with us I am, as ever,

J. BUCKTHORN,
Private, Company B.

P. S. - We called him 52 cause he uster yell Raw, Raw, Raw, fifty two stanch and true, Raw, Raw, Raw. It is a sort of fool injin lingo, I reckon he picked some where. Miss yer don't know it but the planes here can be planted tu gooseberries and a big fortin made if any of yer friends want to put in a few thousan and git rich my time is out in four months and no more enlisten for

JACOB BUCKTHORN.

P. S. agin.

Miss i wasted an envelop by bustin this let-

ter open tu say that the Jinnie what 52 rode has jes come limp in an arrer thro her ham. Yer wood hev cried ter see how pitiful she look. i send you in this-letter a little strip of washed out red ribbin wot was on the bridle, so you will no i am not lyin to yer about the mewls commin back. As i told yer its all up with me pard. The captain will kick wen i axes him fer a nother envelop but i low i can talk sweet to him.

Still Yours,

JAKE.

NUMBER XCIV.

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO JACOB BUCKTHORN.

Miss Harold, although doubtless much agitated on the receipt of Mr. Buckthorn's letter, answers calmly. Holds out hope and begs Mr. Buckthorn to go in search of Forbes. Shows her thoughtfulness for others in trying to keep the sad news to herself.

CONCORD, MASS., March 18, 1852.

MR. JACOB BUCKTHORN.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 12th inst. is just at hand, and I must thank you for your great kindness in writing me. You tell me that Mr. Forbes has not been seen for two weeks. I understand that he carried mail on horseback from your camp to San Jacinto. It cannot be that the Indians would waylay and kill him. Impossible! He had a most hearty sympathy for the Indians, and, as I know, was interceding through Senator Sumner to have a bill passed in their behalf, reimbursing them for loss of territory, etc. He must have simply lost his way — as I understand he often rode after dark, or his horse may have

thrown him, or fallen, and then ran away, and the Indians shot the arrow into the horse, the next day, trying to catch it.

I beg that you will organize an expedition at once and go in search of him. Do not write anyone else here of the matter. When you find him, if he is sick or in want in any way, you will of course see that his needs are supplied, for his many friends here will be only too glad to reimburse you.

Again thanking you, and hoping for a hopeful letter from you soon, I subscribe myself,

Your friend most sincerely,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER XCV.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO HONOR HAROLD.

Replies in a characteristic letter. Is moved by Miss Harold's deep interest to give a vivid picture of an adventure of his own on the same route where Forbes was lost, to show the danger of the ride, and to convince that there is no use of hoping against hope. As Miss Harold asked for complete details of Mr. Forbes' going away, Buckthorn obliges with needless minutia.

BAD MAN'S GULCH,

CAMP OF THE 46th CAVALRY, COMPANY B,

April 15, 1852.

Miss —

I got your letter and was rite glad to hear from you. i sit myself down and takes me pen in hand to let you no that i am well and hopes you air in the same fix. This yer feller 52 ran the male once a week to San Jacinto, eighty mile. We rides by trail not the waggen rode as you no the blackfeet is worse nor wildcats about now, cause the whites hav driv all the buffler south.

We rides eighty mile at one slap, stoppin half way, fer half an hour at a cache fer grub and ter let the mewl git is wind. dont fule yourself by thinkin the injuns wouldnt swipe 52 they air the peskiest lot of critters yer ever saw and not many of em i low ever heard tell on Senatur Sumner.

they nearly done fer me on the same trail last week. it was bright moonlight although cloudy wen I left the camp, ere i wouldnt have started. The mewl was on a easy lope when he slowed down mighty suddent, which the same he wouldnt hev done if there wasnt danger fer he node i was asleep. A mewl is the noingest thing on airth and is allus awful gentle wen ten miles or more from camp, and no company but the man a straddle. Out shot his ears an I slipped the loop off the horn and cocked the rifle, and felt to see if my revolvers was all right. the mewl now node i was awake and he moved on easy like and i node from his ears it was injuns. When zing, zing went tu arrers over my head an i socked the spurs to that ere mewl and away we went through the sage brush. i kep talkin tu the jack tu keep him from losin his

hed and tu let him no i hadent lost mine for the mewl can allus tell wen the rider is losin his sand.

not many injuns here hav horses and as i past thro a openin in the bush i saw there were only two injuns a follerin. i node i could git away but jest out of divilment, and thinkin' of 52 who was me pard as i was a tellin' of you, i sez sez i you red cusses killed me pard, well, watch me trump yer ace. A mile ahed there was a bunch of willers in a holler like. i had it all planned and wen i got inter the willers i slowed up and pulled off that ere mewl in a holy second. i pulled me belt one hole tighter and heard the injuns come poundin through the bush. i let em pass and i-held the rifle back and popped em with first one iron then tother. down went one Pinto and i saw i dropped the horse and not the injun, but the other red devil was done for sure enuff. his horse ran strate ahed and i dident stop to visit but swung onter that jack rabbit and on i went arter that Pinto. he was a good un, but the jack kep creepin up and creepin up alongside of him an i jes reached out and layed hold of the hay Lariat that was

round his neck and give it a couple of twists aroun the horn of my saddle and then yelled Raw, Raw, 52 stanch and true, Raw, Raw, Raw H-A-R-V-A-R-D but wot the devil it means Miss i will not be a tellin of you at this writin. i slowed down then to an easy gallop fer the nex ten mile an lit me stump of a clay pipe and trotted inter the fort jest as the sun was peepin up behind the mountings.

“Were did yer steal the Pinto” axed the boys as they came roun to help me uncinch the jack rabbit.

“Never mind” sez i “the owner had no use fer him so i borrowed him fer a spell.”

About organizin of the expedition Miss, praps you forgot i am A private. altho gettin good pay it mostly goes to me old daddy who is paralyzed, and to Jimmy wots my brother who has a sick Wife and leven kids, and the darndest piece of swamp which the same he calls a farm, and all it seems to perduce is ager. i could suggest the expedishun tu the captin but would probly hev me bug juice taken away fer ten days fer puttin in me lip.

You axed about me pards goin off. Well it

wuz jes before sunset he picked out the mewl he wanted. they was bunched in the corral behind the fort. he swung the lariat kind of gentle like four times over his head and dropped it round the neck of the nastiest cuss of a jinny there was in the herd. The kernel bought her in a bunch comin thro Mizzoury. she was out of a Kentucky runnin mare by a spanish jack. I dont want to speak disrespectful Miss of that jinny fer she is the gamiest animile in our bunch, but shes a bucker from way back allus does the act fer about fifteen minutes after you straddle her, then shes all rite. 52 saddled her easy like, fer she stands as quiet as a tabby cat until you get on. He cinched her up tighter than usual an acted a little down in the mouth like he had all day.

“take a sniff of the old stuff” sez i. “You no i never drink” sez he, and it was as cross a word as he ever spoke to me, not cross ezactly but grieved like. He never smoked or i no he wouldent have had these blew spells Miss, smokin is a cure fer bad feelins as yer may no, by a tryin of it wen yer liver aint rite.

he tuk a bit of buckskin outer his inside

Pocket an in it wuz wrapped up a little strip of red ribbon, he tide this ribbon onter the bridle as he allus does and two of the boys held the jinny that stood as innocent like and meek as one of the sisters of Charity i seed in St. Louis. 52 put on his shaps, then his Spurs and his oil-skin jacket, buckled his pops on the outside, felt to see his knife was in place, and the bundle of letters was all right aroun his neck, then he gave a pull to his sombrero and a hitch to his breeches. as he put his left hand into the check strap of that ere mewl his right hand held the bridle rein and rifle as he put it on the horn of the saddle. he put his left foot in the stirrup and swung over inter place as graceful as a feather. that dam mewl stood as quiet as death and down she sank as if she was goin to lay down, down, down, 52 smiled (wot a han-sum cuss he was wen he smiled) and like a flash of lightning up went that mewl about ten feet in the air and struck stiff legged a hundred feet away.

52 gave her the spurs and off they went a boundin Up and down at every jump. he stood in one stirrup and reached the other long leg

clear up to her ears as the boys yelled. then he Pasted her over the head with his sombrero and twisted her tail which stood out like a paint brush, and down they went across the crick. just as the sunset gun Barked we lost sight of em among the cottonwood, and heard him yell Raw, Raw, 52 Stanch and true H-A-R-V-A-R-D, fer that's the way he allus said Good-bye. That's all there is about 52, Miss, and i no you feel sorry fer us

So long

J. BUCKTHORN.

P. S. I begun this letter 3 days ago and hev put in most my time since on it wen I wasent on guard. Wot about the gooseberries? hev yer got any one worked up on it yet?

JAKE.

NUMBER XCVI.

J. R. JONES, SECRETARY OF GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT, TO REV. HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH.

More about the disappearance of Private Forbes. Captain Snyder's version of the affair evidently accepted. An investigation of Forbes' record is begun in anticipation of his arrest.

FORT DENVER, KANSAS TER.,

March 10, 1852.

REV. H. PENNAWORTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND: It is several years since I wrote you last, but I will not soon forget the days of old when we attended school on the hill in Roxbury. I wish now that I had followed your example and gone to Harvard instead of hiding myself in this barren wilderness.

My folks send the *Weekly Herald* occasionally, and I was much pleased, some time ago, to read your name in the list of graduates at the Divinity School, so I do the proper thing and address you as Rev.

What prompts me to write you at this time

is on account of a deserter who has just been reported for arrest. He has taken with him \$788 of government money. They say he is from Harvard, and the General, knowing I am from near there, told me to write for his record. Name—Arthur Ripley Forbes, Class of '52. I think it's only a guess any way that the fellow ever was at Harvard; and this name may be assumed; but I act on order from the General. You can easily look over the records, and, if you can locate the man, tell me briefly what you can about him. I write to you about the matter, instead of the mighty moguls of the 'Varsity, as I know you will do the "biz," and I also wanted to let you know I was on earth.

Yours truly,

J. R. JONES,
Sec. Gen. John C. Fremont.

NUMBER XCVII.

REV. H. PENNAWORTH TO CAPT. J. R. JONES,
SEC'Y.

Mr. H. Pennaworth replies, giving an account of Forbes' character. Relates adventures that do not flatter, and as proof encloses copy of complaint presented to the Faculty. Speaks of his own trials, and shows how the life of a young clergyman is not always a flowery bed of ease.

CAMBRIDGE, March 29.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I am much gratified to think you remember me, and will gladly serve you in any way possible, as it is my constant prayer that I may ever exercise a true spirit of helpfulness.

I know the man Forbes, well. He intended to follow law, I believe. He left here something like two years ago, and sent back an elderly female to excite sympathy in his behalf among the students. She succeeded so well that Forbes and this woman must have divided upwards of \$400 between them. Since

then he has taken good care not to come inside the College yard.

He was a great favorite with most of the boys, because he was at the front in all athletics and turbulent sports. Was in several riots against citizens of the town, and broke probably a hundred panes of glass with snowballs in the two years he was here. Once he was up before the faculty for breaking in the front door of a shoe store, and attacking the proprietor, who had locked up a student in his kitchen until a policeman could be procured to arrest the said student, who was courting the honest shoemaker's daughter. The said student escaped before a policeman could be procured, and a mob was formed, with Forbes as leader, and they attacked the shoemaker. The original complaint is on file at the Secretary's office, and I enclose verbatim copy.

He was a great hand to go on long tramps through the country. On one such expedition he came to a school-house at a cross-roads.

Entering, he introduced himself to the school-mistress (who, by the way, was exceeding

comely), as the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Of course the lady was somewhat agitated on receiving a visit from such a high official; but Forbes put her at ease by explaining that he happened to be in the neighborhood on business, and, having a few moments to spare, thought he would drop in and greet her in an informal way, making a short address to the scholars, which he accordingly did in a graceful manner. After the address, he said probably the school had never been visited before by the State Superintendent, and never would be again; and under the circumstances, in honor of the event, he suggested that the teacher give the scholars a half-holiday. This was accordingly done, much to the delight of the youngsters.

Forbes then gave the young lady some good advice about her work and went on his way.

It is very plain that a man guilty of such imposition and deception must be a dangerous character in any community.

Forbes once put fourteen frogs in my desk, and was much given to crowding people off the sidewalk into the gutters, and also of

pushing and crowding when going in and out of Chapel — especially coming out.

He had no respect for religion, and therefore I am not surprised that he has thus come to a bad end. Yet I do not want to say anything against him, as my desire is to speak only good of all, and I trust that, if he gets out of this difficulty, he will reform and conduct himself as becomes a Christian gentleman (if I may be allowed the expression).

I am tutoring here, and preaching every Lord's day, candidating. I am in hopes I will not receive any regular call yet. Of course, if a people needed me I would go to minister to them; but the preparing of two sermons a week I do not feel equal to. I think of taking to myself a wife as soon as a suitable person can be found; but I regret to observe that the young women of our day are much given to frivolity, and lacking in the qualities which a pastor's wife should possess.

I have seven excellent sermons, which I use as occasion demands. In England, one can purchase the entire stock of a retiring clergyman, and it is considered all right. But here

the masses are not educated to a point where they would accept sermons at second-hand, if they knew it, without scoffing.

My health is quite good, except for a slight attack of bronchitis. I am, dear brother,

Your friend in Truth,

H. PENNAWORTH.

NUMBER XCVIII.

COPY OF COMPLAINT AGAINST ARTHUR R.
FORBES.

[I find this document still on file among the records at Harvard, where any one curious in the matter may see it. The man Williams, whose name is appended (a student in the Law School), was evidently the author of the complaint. The decision of the Faculty in the matter I have been unable to find. E. H.]

TO THE HONORABLE THE FELLOWS AND FAC-
ULTY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Nicholas Laste, being duly sworn, deposeth as follows — to wit: On the 11th day of November in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty and the year of the Independence of

the United States the seventy-sixth, at eleven o'clock at night or thereabouts, the front door of deponent's domicile was broken open by one Arthur R. Forbes, to deponent known, and by other parties to deponent unknown, and forcibly and against deponent's desire the said parties blacked deponent's face with a shoe brush, and used to deponent and lawful wife much unseemly language, and threw over deponent the following, to wit: *One bucket of dirty water. One bucket of kitchen slop.* On deponent's remonstrating with said Forbes, and asking him to desist in his nefarious work, said Forbes replied, using the following words, to wit: "Shut up, you old wax-end, or I will blow you to Gehenna!" And deponent verily believes he would have done so, had deponent not precipitately fled.

All of which is respectfully submitted, and deponent prays that Your Honorable Body will see that proper punishment is meted out to said defendant.

(Signed) NICHOLAS LASTE.

This is to certify that I read over above complaint to deponent, who makes solemn oath on

the Holy Evangelists that all the statements therein made are true, except such statements as are made on hearsay and belief, and these he believes to be true.

JAMES WILLIAMS,
Commissioner of Deeds for and in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Cambridge, Nov. 21, 1850.

NUMBER XCIX.

REV. H. PENNAWORTH TO JEREMIAH PEEPSON.

The news of Forbes' disgrace reaches Concord via Pennaworth, who feels it a duty to inform Justice Peepson.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 14, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

Since I last had the pleasure of holding Divine services in your beautiful town, I have ministered to various other flocks. But I always think of your village with feelings of peculiar gratification, knowing that I have been instrumental to a certain degree in neutralizing

the pernicious effect of the invidious forms of infidelity that have sprung up in your community — if I may be allowed the expression.

My health is quite good, save for a slight attack of bronchitis, which has incapacitated me for preaching for three weeks.

I am grieved to hear that a certain townsman of yours, one Forbes, has turned out so badly in spite of all the good influences thrown around him. He has deserted from his post of duty, taking with him \$988.50 belonging to the Government, and as you are a Justice of the Peace it may interest you to know that a large reward is offered for his capture. He may come back to Concord in disguise, and I have felt it my duty to give you the plain facts, that you might see that the ends of justice are not defeated.

I am glad to hear that your entire church debt has been paid off, and that the parish is enjoying such a high state of spirituality.

My regards to your good wife, and family.

Yours most sincerely,

H. PENNAWORTH.

NUMBER C.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Mr. Buckthorn comes to the rescue of his old partner's good name. Another version of the difficulty.

FORT SAN JACINTO, March 10, 1852.

DEAR GINERAL

In an ofishal way i hev no bizness tu write tu you & praps i haint nohow, but i writes as soldier to soldier.

on that ere first trip across the mountings you an me fit the injuns together an i slep in yer tent ready to jump in a holy second an carry yer orders. we who have suffered an enjyd together do not hev to allus stand on army regulations. this is wy i writes tu you about me pard whose name was 52, but they used tu call him Forbes fer short. he carried the male on the nite run to Bad Mans Gulch, an a finer man, Ginerel, never clapped spurs tu a bronc. he was as brave a man as you Ginerel, and i cant put it no stronger, an his heart was lovin as a babbys.

The Blackfeet layed fer him one nite an his mewl came inter the fort with an arrer thro her ham. The Capting lowed he had run away cause mong his letters was a package of money, but 52 was no thief he wasent, an i'll let daylight thro any galoot except hes a commissioned officer, what says he was. The Cap was down on him, he was, cause he wouldnt give a taste of the quirt tu a feller who had forgot tu salute. you Never ordered a soldier whipped, you never had a feller tied up by the thumbs. & then the Cap ordered Three soldiers tu give me pard thirty lashes on the bare Hide fer refusin of tu lash another brave soldier wen all of us had looked death in the i together, but the Cap who i reckon isent much better nor a tenderfoot. 52 took off his coat and shirt fer the lash but not a man cum forward & the fellers what was ordered tu do the job stood like stumps. The Cap turned red, then pale an ordered all Hands out fer drill.

Now the Cap sez that 52 has rund off tu escape court martial & stole the money at the same time. its a lie, gineral, the injuns have got him me pard is dead. his scalp is danglin

from some red devil's belt, the kyutes have feasted on his flesh, & his bones air now bleachin down some canyon. You and me is here yet, but our bones may bleach tu, and our scalps may dangle, but by God, ginerall, we wont post a brave man fer a deserter. will we Ginerall?

JACOB BUCKTHORN,
Private.

NUMBER CI.

MRS. FORBES TO DR. JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The good, simple mother, bowed with grief, writes to Dr. Holworthy, telling of the trouble that has come upon her in her old age. Sorrow always has its alloy. In the darkest moments of the soul, past joys, and hope for the future, sweeten the bitterness of the present.

CONCORD, MASS., April 15, 1852.

DEAR JOHN:—

I am in deep trouble. Oh, the shame of

having children grow up to disgrace their parents! I always said it would come to this, the reading of those infidel books.

They say my son has deserted from the army; but, John, I am sure that if a soldier does not want to work any longer, he has a perfect right to quit, after giving notice. Don't you think so, John? But my Arthur would never steal. No! Someone else took the money.

Squire Peepson said he heard Arthur was hiding in my house. He came here with Jones the constable. He had a long letter which he read to me: he said it was a search warrant. They looked all through the house — in the garret and cellar, and under all the beds, and then in the hen-house.

Of course it is very kind in them to try and find my son for me. Mr. Jones is a very nice man; he brings up his children in God-fearing manner. He is a good provider. Everyone is very kind to me in my trouble. Rev. Mr. Pennaworth came first, to tell us about it. He was so kind and good, and broke the news so gently. Mr. Pennaworth said, now that Arthur

was out of work, he would likely come right back here, and we must tell Mr. Jones at once, so they could clear him of the charge of taking the money. After all, John, I am glad Arthur will be back to see us; he never spoke a cross word to me. When I used to scold a little—as you know any woman will, when there is so much to do—he used to come and kiss me on the ear and say he was glad I wasn't twins, for one like me was all he could manage; and then I would hit him with the broom, and we would laugh and forget our troubles.

If he comes to Cambridge first, you must both come up here at once. He did not take the money did he, John?

He used to kiss me on the ear and call me his little old sweetheart. He did not take the money, John, did he? You know he did not. He will soon be back, and he is now so strong and well. He will explain it all when he comes.

If he did not want to be a soldier—why, what difference was it? He will be here on Sunday; don't you think so, John? He always came on Saturdays, you know. He used

to kiss me on the ear, and call me whitey sweetheart.

Yours truly,

P. FORBES.

NUMBER CII.

HONOR HAROLD TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

A plea in behalf of Forbes' good name. Let the dead rest from their labors in peace.

CONCORD, MASS., May 1, 1852.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

DEAR SIR: I write you in reference to Arthur Ripley Forbes, Courier, who disappeared from his post of duty between Fort San Jacinto and Bad Man's Gulch, on night of Feb. 21st.

I understand that the animal which he rode came into the fort with an arrow shot through its leg, which is proof that Forbes was attacked by the Indians and has not deserted.

The suggestion by Captain Snyder, that Forbes himself would turn the animal loose

and shoot it with the arrow, to divert suspicion, is too far-fetched to take the time of sensible people. Only an evil-minded person would ever make such a libelous charge; for one's opinion of others is generally the reflex of his own heart.

Forbes bears an excellent reputation here among all good people. At Harvard College he was a general favorite among both professors and students, and the fact that he had a noble and generous spirit cannot be disproved.

I beg that you will investigate the charge of "mutiny" brought by Captain Snyder; and, knowing nothing of the circumstances, but knowing Mr. Forbes, I venture the assertion that Forbes' rebellion was in behalf of some unfortunate individual. I am told that your department has offered a reward for the capture of Private Forbes; by so doing, you have cast a cloud over the fair name of a brave man.

I most earnestly pray that you will have the record read, "Killed in action." Withdraw the offer of reward for capture, and thus partially undo the wrong that has been done a soldier as brave and honorable as a Sobieski.

Do not allow his name to be bandied upon the tongue of rumor; for, in addition to the wrong done to the dead, this shameful libel has deeply pained those to whom he stood as lover, son and friend.

Very respectfully,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER CIII.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO HONOR HAROLD.

General Fremont defends his position in a plausible and respectful manner.

FORT ALAMO, CAL., June 10, 1852.

H. HAROLD, CONCORD, MASS.

SIR: Your letter of May 1st received. The offer of a reward for the capture of one Forbes was based on the fact that his disappearance occurred immediately after his having — First: caused a mutiny, and while an order was out for troops to quell the disturbance he had created. Second: He had with him at the time a large amount of money belonging to the

government. Third: The animal he rode did not come into the fort for several days after his disappearance, thus showing that it had evidently been ridden many miles from the route before being turned loose.

A full investigation of the facts will be made at once, and if a wrong has been done to the name of Forbes, due reparation will follow. No doubt this man was a fairly good soldier, and I do not question the excellence of his character at home, but men who carry themselves uprightly in the East, when surrounded by the safeguards of law and custom, often reveal a different side of their natures here, where law is almost unknown. The failure to obey a superior officer is a charge not easily overlooked. The first duty of a soldier is to obey; and should I look lightly on such an offense, I would consider myself derelict to duty. I am

Your most obedient servant,

J. C. FREMONT.

NUMBER CIV.

HONOR HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Dr. Holworthy has evidently been true to his trust and sent the dividend to Miss Meredith. Ignorant of where the money came from, Miss Harold writes her acknowledgments in a well-worded note.

CONCORD, June 8, 1852.

DEAR DOCTOR :—

I write you on request of Miss Meredith, to thank you for the \$180, which you so kindly sent.

I am sure that if it was not for your excellent foresight the good woman would now be without income. Of course she would not suffer in any event, as I am doing fairly well tutoring, and there are many others in Concord who would deem it a privilege to divide their portion with Miss Meredith who has herself done so much for others. But the idea that she is not dependent on charity, is almost necessary to the life of one so full of the spirit of self-reliance.

Again thanking you for Miss Meredith, and on my own account for all of your many generous acts, I am

Your friend,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER CV.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Meredith seriously ill. A request that the doctor will bring the certificates for Old Colony R. R. stock to their owner or dispose of them for cash and turn in the proceeds.

CONCORD, Aug. 10, 1852.

DR. HOLWORTHY.

DEAR SIR: I am obliged to inform you that Miss Meredith has had another severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and Dr. Peabody thinks her recovery doubtful.

The good woman's mind is more alert and bright than I ever saw it. The effect of physical pain, as I have heard you say, is often to arouse the intellect. Miss Meredith knows the

end may be near, and she requests me to have you bring the certificates for her Old Colony Railroad stock. Or if you can sell for 1.07 cash, do so. She desires me to deposit the money in the bank here, as she proposes to dispose of the estate herself, rather than make a will, as she has a superstitious dread of lawyers and courts, and fears her wishes will not be properly respected. -

I see by to-day's paper, that Old Colony stock is quoted at \$1.05, which is proof of your wisdom in buying at par. I do not know what will be the nature of Miss Meredith's bequests, but I suppose the funds will go to certain educational institutions in Boston in which she is interested.

Kindly act promptly about converting the stock into cash, as Miss Meredith is urgent in this matter.

Very respectfully,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER CVI.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO MISS HONOR HAROLD.

On receiving Miss Harold's letter the doctor is taken suddenly ill. Informs his correspondent that dissolution is near at hand.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Aug. 20, 1852.

DEAR MISS HAROLD:—

Your letter received. I would have followed your wishes, but I am sick beyond recovery, and now lie on my death-bed. It is acute pericarditis, and the poor wretch who writes you this, may stand before his Maker and hear the words, "Depart ye accursed," etc., before you read these lines. Pray for me.

Yours truly,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER CVII.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Harold evidently not greatly alarmed at the doctor's condition. Expresses sympathy, and asks permission to call on him.

CONCORD, Aug. 21, 1852.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

I much regret to hear of your serious illness, but trust it is only temporary. If I can do anything to alleviate your suffering, please command me.

Miss Meredith is quite anxious about selling the stock at the present quotation of 1.08 1-2. And when I call, you can give me the certificates, and I can transact the business. At what hour to-morrow may I see you?

I am glad to observe that your handwriting does not show great weakness, so I trust you are convalescent ere this.

Sincerely yours,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER CVIII.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO MISS HAROLD.

The doctor slightly better. Makes a confession that he never sold the Livingston stock. "The man soured on him." Sends the balance of \$180 given him by Forbes to pay dividends.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Aug. 23.

MY DEAR MISS HAROLD:—

The attack was very severe, and I thought the end was near. Fortunately I was able to bring the proper remedies to bear and am to-day still in the land of the living. But I am only a wreck, and from now on I walk the earth, if life lingers, only a bruised reed.

About the certificates, Miss Harold—God help me! At the last moment, I was unable to exchange the Livingston for O. C. I had it all fixed, but the man soured on me.

I never had the heart to tell you; but I cannot die with a lie on my lips, so I tell you the truth, and send the Livingston certificates with this.

I would be most happy to have you call, but the sight of my haggard face would unnerve

you. I am so emaciated, and my eyes are so glassy, I scare horses on the street. Pray for me.

Disconsolately,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

P. S. I send draft for \$180 to pay div. for Nov. on Liv. certifs. My opinion is that it's better stock now than O. C., if one has nerve to hold it.

NUMBER CIX.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Harold's generous nature pardons the doctor's weakness. She thanks him for his disinterested kindness. A surprise. Miss Meredith divides the bulk of her property between Miss Honor and Dr. Holworthy.

CONCORD, Aug. 24, 1852.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

The Livingston Mill certificates received, and also the money to pay the November interest.

Miss Meredith begs to thank you most cordially for all of the tender consideration you have shown in this matter.

Of course you tried to sell the stock and invest the money in a safer way, and that you failed to do so was not your fault. You have advanced the dividends out of your purse to a lone woman, and I cannot find words to express my high regard for the disinterested sympathy which you have shown.

Now here is something which may interest you. Miss Meredith's desire is to divide this stock between you and me, as she said now that Arthur has gone we are her best friends. She thinks she will not recover and so has made the division now; but she has been unfair in the matter, giving \$4000 to me and only \$2000 to you. She wanted to convert the stock into cash; but I showed her your letter, where you said you considered the mill stock valuable property to those who would hold it for a year or two. So she will have the certificate for \$2000 made out in your name, and mail it to you soon.

Miss Meredith has at last consented to let

us move her over to Mrs. Forbes'. I have rented the cottage; so here we are, to use the language of Aunt Marie, "three fine old ladies." And, really, we are quite merry at times.

We are all very sorry to hear of your physical condition; but you are a young man, Dr. Holworthy, and surely your health will return.

Sincerely yours,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER CX.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO HONOR HAROLD.

Dr. Holworthy much better. Shows his generosity by wanting Miss Harold to have all the Livingston stock. Endeavors to console and proposes a buggy ride.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Aug. 25, 1852.

MY DEAR MISS HAROLD:—

Whether in answer to your prayers, or to the operation of the medicine which I have been taking, I do not know, but my condition has much improved. Pulse a trifle fast, but temperature nearly normal and appetite fair; so it

looks as if I were almost convalescent, and once more on the highway to recovery.

That Aunt Marie has given me one-third of the Liv. stock, quite upsets me in my weak state. I have done nothing to deserve it. Please have her reconsider and give it all to you, as I do not need it. I feel that I will soon be well, and my practice has increased every month for a year.

It is all up with Arthur! A fine fellow he was; but why grieve over him? We must brace up, and remember that all flesh is mortal. We are here to make the best of life, and our duty is to live above all that distresses or troubles. Let the dead rest. I am a transcendentalist, I am.

You spoke in a former letter of coming down to see me. I would be much pleased to have you do so. Come Sunday, on the morning train — never mind going to church, for once. I will get a livery rig and take you back in the afternoon. It will be a glorious ride. Meet me at Harvard Square, Sunday, at 9.45. I am feeling better than for some weeks.

Yours always,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER CX.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

After some days Miss Harold writes expressing her regrets, etc. Miss Meredith recovering. Hope never dies.

CONCORD, Sept. 5, 1852.

DR. HOLWORTHY.

DEAR SIR: I was unable to accept your kind invitation of some weeks ago, but Miss Meredith wishes me to write and ask you to come up and see "the three old ladies" when convenient.

Aunt Marie is better than she has been for years, and to-day walked down to the post-office and back. She works in the garden and about the house, and is the youngest of the three.

We have received no further word from Arthur, although I have written both to Mr. Buckthorn and General Fremont. I sometimes think he may be alive; the Indians may have made him a prisoner.

With my duties here and my pupils in Boston, I am kept quite busy.

Sincerely yours,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER CXI.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The spirit of Mrs. Forbes passes away. A letter showing great depths of tender feeling. The last days of the good mother. "Tired of waiting for her boy, she goes to meet him."

[To some it might seem a trifle queer that Miss Harold should enter into such tender detail in writing to Dr. Holworthy, whose sensibilities we know were not over acute. I think, however, the loving heart of the writer found solace for her sorrow by thus dwelling on the last scenes of her whose spirit had just passed away. Those who have stood by the open graves of their beloved dead, know somewhat of this tendency to linger lovingly over the details of the last sad moments. Does the breaking heart find balm in expression?

In the Orient there is a proverb used where a man has been guilty of wrong acts. They say, "God has seen fit to tempt him beyond what he could bear." The character of Dr. Holworthy as shown in these letters, was weak and vacillating, but it will be seen that his weakness sprang from his generous heart. The quality of his affection, I admit, was not exalted, but surely a dull and unloving person would never have been subject to his inconsistencies. When we see people stray

from virtue's path, let us think of the Hindoo proverb I have just quoted; for what know we of the "breaking tension" of these souls about us, and what know we even of our own when we sit in the safe chimney corner of our firesides! Judge not.

This record of the closing days of Mrs. Forbes, moved me deeply. The simple, earnest faith of this Christian woman overtops tomes of so-called free-thought logic. In days of physical health her life was filled with petty cares and trials, she was apprehensive and often fearful. The established religion of her time was full of these nightmares of the soul, and few escaped their baleful influence. Yet at the last we see glimpses of the "peace that passeth understanding," and perhaps, if the dead could come back, we would hear from their lips that it is ever so.

"From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star; and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, said with his latest breath, I am better now. Let us believe in spite of tears and fears and doubts and dogmas, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead."

The last days of Mrs. Forbes were the most peaceful she had ever known. Was it a foretaste of the life to come?
E. H.]

CONCORD, MASS., May 2, 1853.

DEAR DOCTOR:—

I write to inform you that the spirit of our dear friend Mrs. Forbes passed away yesterday afternoon.

When the word first came of the disaster to Arthur, I kept it from her, hoping for better news later; but alas, none came. Mr. Pennaworth informed her first that Arthur had deserted, and she then began to look for his return. At night when the evening train would come from Boston, she would hear the whistle and hasten to arrange her hair and adjust her cap before the little mirror in the kitchen, saying softly to herself, "I am his wee white-haired sweetheart, so I must look nice when he comes;" and then she would go and look down the road until I called her in.

She would put a plate on the table for him, and consult me about what to cook, as she was always planning delicacies he liked.

There were some clothes in my closet that belonged to Arthur, and she would come in so quietly and get the garments to look them over

to see if they needed mending; a hundred times I saw her do this. She knitted a dozen pair of stockings for him, and each Sunday morning laid out his clean linen, which I would again put away after she had gone downstairs.

Some years ago she was irritable and fretful, at times; but the last year her life was sweet, calm and untroubled as the breath of June.

When I would go to the post-office she would always ask if I had a letter from Arthur.

By slow degrees her mind withdrew, and she would sleep at night as quietly as a baby. No doubts, no fears. "My burden has all been taken away," she would often say to me; and when I tried to keep back the tears, she would say, "Why, my daughter, do you cry, when God is so good?" She thought I was her child Martha who died years ago.

She would request me to read over the letters Arthur had written, and as I read she would close her eyes and rock the chair back and forth and say: "How good God is to give me such a son. Is his cough better, Martha? It is, is it not?"

At last we thought best to tell her he was dead, and I tried to express it so gently. "No, dear child; I just heard his voice in the garden," she said. "Go, please, and tell him I want him to come and kiss me good-night for I am his wee white-haired sweetheart, you know."

Gradually she grew weaker and weaker.

Yesterday morning we propped her in the big chair, where she could look out of the window. I noticed her voice was very faint as she whispered: "I think he will come to-night! Do I look all right? I'm his little sweetheart."

She was very fond of flowers, and I placed in her hand a bunch of violets which she had herself planted.

She looked across the valley at the hills, over which played the sunshine and the shadow. She motioned me to look, too; and moved her lips as if trying to speak of the serene beauty of the scene; then she closed her eyes and I thought she wanted to sleep, so I left her alone.

When I came back in half an hour, the thin hands still held the violets in her lap, just as when I left her, but the fingers were cold and stiff. I saw that the good mother had waited as

long as she could for her boy. He did not come, and she had gone to meet him.

We lay her tired form away beneath the pines in Sleepy Hollow to-morrow at ten o'clock.

It is two years to-morrow since Arthur left Concord.

Sincerely your friend,

HONOR HAROLD.

NUMBER CXIII.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO H. HAROLD.

Good news. A letter from General Fremont enclosing newspaper clippings.

FORT ALAMO, CAL., Oct. 4, 1853.

H. HAROLD, ESQ., CONCORD, MASS.

SIR: Some time ago you interested yourself in one Private Forbes, a deserter, for whose capture a reward was offered. By reading the enclosed clippings from the *San Francisco Vindicator*, you will see you were wrong in your conclusions.

The charge against Forbes is a serious one, but I am inclined to believe the story of his being taken captive by the Indians is truth. If so, this would relieve him of the implication of desertion ; but the charge of mutiny he will have to stand trial for. A private by the name of Isaac Buckhorn, otherwise known as Huckleberry Ike, was here a few months ago and spoke very highly of Forbes.

This Buckhorn was a scout in my command for awhile ; and as he is honest, and a good judge of human nature, I think his estimate of the man is correct.

I have ordered Forbes' release on ticket of leave, for nothing more can be done now, except to order him to stay in California and let them go on with the court martial.

It may take several months to get the witnesses together for the trial, as the complainant, Captain Snyder, is in Texas. Nothing but a pardon from the President can effect Forbes' release ; so you will tell his friends that they must be patient, for he will be given an impartial trial.

I thought best to send the clippings and let

you know that the man is alive, as I judge you are an attorney acting for his kinsmen. I deemed it likely he might feel his disgrace so keenly that he would not tell you of his whereabouts; or, if not this, he would fear paining his friends by reciting his difficulties. I have noticed that not one soldier in a hundred writes to his folks, anyway, even in prosperity.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. FREMONT.

NUMBER CXIV.

FROM THE "SAN FRANCISCO VINDICATOR"
OF SEPT. 14, 1853.

FICTION OUTDONE.

**A Soldier captured by the Indians be-
comes their Big Medicine Man.**

**WHILE WITH THEM HE DISCOVERS A RICH
LEAD IN A DESERTED MINE.**

**CLAIM BOUGHT UP BY THE CONSOLIDATED COM-
PANY FOR \$35,000.**

In this glorious country there is a quality in the atmosphere which makes it easy to do things that would be absolutely impossible in the dreamy, effete and psychic East.

For instance, last week we recorded how Freckled Smith broke a faro bank, married Dolly Dimple the boss beauty of the Champs Elysees, and then had four bullets sent through

his gizzard by a former lover of the Dimple, all inside of forty-eight hours.

Now we have a true story of a different nature, and much more pleasant to relate.

The sleepy coyote who pretends to edit the dirty sheet of bombast in Pig Alley, and flatters himself that he is our competitor, may get the news from this report and rehash it day after to-morrow, but here it is *now*.

Moral: When you want the news, read the *Vindicator*. But to our story: At room 169 in the Grand Central Hotel is Mr. A. R. Forbes, formerly from Boston, and more recently Big Medicine Man among the Blackfeet.

Forbes was a courier in U. S. Army and ran a night run between Fort San Jacinto and Bad Man's Gulch, eighty miles straight, between the time old Sol took his night-cap and said good-by behind the mountains, and his blinking in the bright A. M.

A hard ride, but many a man in 'Frisco has done harder.

On the night of Feb. 4th, 1852, Forbes started as usual. The moon came out bright and clear, a thing that strikes terror to a night

rider in an injun country. All went well until our hero had gotten within ten miles of the fort, when, behold! Injuns.

There they were—behind every rock, and they let the arrows whiz. What could Forbes do but turn about and clap the spurs to his mule; but the injuns had fresh horses, and it was now near daylight and the courier's mule was fagged.

No sane man ever surrenders to the red devils. It's death either way; and better be done for in fair fight than be tied to a tree and have your naked body lashed with hickory switches by squaws, and end up with a dance and a holocaust at which you are invited to be present.

Forbes saw they were gaining on him, and resolved to dismount and fight it out, when an arrow caught his mule in the ham and down she went, with rider underneath, and the injuns had Forbes in a jiffy. It seems the mule was only wounded, and up she got and away.

They intended to kill the prisoner at once, when they captured him; but a row started among the red gents as to who should have his scalp. The gent that wanted to kill him was

restrained by a more influential red gent, and so they just decided to carry him away and decide later.

They put Forbes on a horse and tied his feet underneath so tight that it took off the skin; and on each ankle, now, he shows a scar that looks like a bracelet.

They ran him off, he thinks, about fifty miles; when they camped in a canyon, and untied the prisoner to look him over.

It seems Forbes had learned to talk the Black-foot lingo a little; and as he is a fine fellow anyway, over six feet tall, they fell to admiring him as they powwowed about how they would send him to the spirit land.

They had taken his rifle and pistols, but didn't know how to use them. Forbes saw one of the injuns was a leader in the party, and he began to talk to this chief.

He also noticed the bucks were not on the best of terms with each other, and that the chief was disliked by one big fellow in particular; so Forbes told the chief he would like to wrestle the big cuss. Here was fun! and the challenge was given.

Forbes, it seems, is an expert on the carpet. The injun was not to be bluffed before his fellow-citizens, so he stripped and they went at it. Forbes got in a half Nelson on him in short order.

Then he told the chief he would fight any one of them with his fists ; but an injun is as much afraid of a fist as he is of a revolver, and none would come forward. He then showed the chief how to use the rifle, and had got on such good terms with him, that as they could not decide as to which one should have his scalp, they just let him keep it himself.

Forbes told them he was a Medicine Man, and wanted to become one of the tribe. So they let him paint his face, and he changed clothes with several of them, which they were glad to do. And he went with them clear up to the North Branch of the Muscle Shell, where they were going to trap beaver.

All of this is not to the point, however ; only preliminary, and by the way. The thing that touches our souls about the case is, that while with these injuns Forbes found a gold lead that assays the richest that has been seen since the

Sally Waters was located. The injuns showed Forbes the lead; and he escaped soon after, and struck an overland train and a troop of cavalry. With this train was Major Beezum, chief prospector for the New York Consolidated Mining Company.

Forbes got Beezum interested, and they looked the claim over; and the result of it is, that Forbes has sold out to the Consolidated for \$35,000 in cash.

He has got the money in five New York drafts, and sails on the Western Queen for New York to-morrow.

Forbes is as modest a brown-whiskered gentleman as you could find in a day's search. He was trying on a gray suit of store clothes at Solomon Eikenstein's (whose advertisement appears in this paper) when the reporter found him. He was averse to telling the story, but the *Vindicator* interviewers are the kind that get the facts.

The Consolidated is to be congratulated on the purchase. They now have four of the best producing claims yet struck in California; and although the fools that came here in '49, expect-

ing to pick up double eagles in the street, got badly left, yet the gold mines of this country are bound to turn out the dust, when worked on scientific principles. Great is California!

NUMBER CX.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO VINDICATOR OF
SEPT. 16, 1853.

The *Vindicator* yesterday recorded the facts about one Forbes selling his claim to the Consolidated. The money had all been paid over and Forbes had engaged passage and state-room on the Western Queen, which sailed to-day. But just as he was going on board he was arrested by United States Marshal Watkins, on charge of mutiny, and desertion from the army.

This fully explains the haste Forbes has shown in starting for the East.

The prisoner was seen at the jail, but refused to talk. He seems to be a very gentlemanly individual on the surface; but they say he is a

bad one, and can use a knife quicker than any man this side of the Ridge.

He led an insurrection at Fort San Jacinto, and locked the commander of the fort in the guard-house, and afterwards made him do guard duty, carrying a rail; the troops got into the supplies, and made the corks fly, and all hands had a glorious drunk, ending up with a fight in which four were killed.

Forbes took six horses and all the money that was sent to pay off the troops, and made good his escape. This was over a year ago; it may take a little time, but eventually justice must be done. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard!

There is no mistake about the claim, though; the latest report is that it is richer than at first reported by Colonel Beezum. We congratulate the Consolidated on the purchase.

NUMBER CXVI.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO H. HAROLD.

The information given that the money Forbes was entrusted to carry was faithfully guarded. Its return leads to his arrest.

FORT ALAMO, Oct. 6, 1853.

H. HAROLD, CONCORD, MASS.

DEAR SIR: Since writing you a few days ago, I have received official notification of the arrest of Forbes.

It seems he had the money which he was entrusted to carry, in a leather pouch fastened to his belt, and he carried this through all his experience with the Indians. The money was returned to the United States paymaster at 'Frisco by Forbes immediately on his arrival there, and led to the arrest.

You thus see that if he had not seen fit to report to the authorities, he would not have been arrested at all, as the belief had gone out that he had been killed, and his record on the service books reads, "Killed in action."

The charges now against him are reduced to

those of mutiny and inciting insurrection, followed by desertion and theft. These, under some circumstances, would be very serious offences; but as it stands, if he is found guilty the penalty ought not to be severe.

The newspaper reports I sent you were not very exact, but as near the truth, I suppose, as the average newspaper can get. Reporters have no time to sift evidence. No doubt they wish to tell the truth, but they desire still more to write a readable article.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. FREMONT.

NUMBER CXVII.

H. HAROLD TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

CONCORD, MASS., Nov. 18, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your favors of October 4th and 6th received.

Your great kindness in thus interesting yourself in the misfortunes of a worthy man is only equaled by the joy your letters caused to the

friends of Mr. Forbes on hearing of his being alive.

I have not yet decided what steps will be taken for his defense; but I trust no move will be made in the trial, until the friends of Mr. Forbes can have time to act in his behalf.

With high regard, dear general, I am,

Sincerely yours,

H. HAROLD.

NUMBER CXVIII.

HONOR HAROLD TO MISS MARIE MEREDITH.

The trip to Washington. The call at the White House. The pardon. All aboard for the Golden Gate.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22, 1853.

DEAR AUNT MARIE:—

I arrived here all right, at nine o'clock this morning, and had no trouble in finding Mr. Sumner.

The Senator read over the letters of Mr. Buckthorn, and made memorandum of the fact that General Fremont had great faith in him.

Those affidavits, and the petition signed by all of the Harvard professors, he said were all in perfect order. The letter of General Fremont, expressing a belief in Arthur's innocence, he considered the best of all; and the fact of his having returned the money, was of course in his favor.

The Senator then called a carriage and we went to the White House.

The President received us very cordially — no more formality than going into the Concord Bank. There were several men waiting; but Mr. Pierce was in no hurry, and read over all the letters carefully. He smiled a little at Mr. Buckthorn's and sighed at General Fremont's, and asked if H. Harold, Esq., was my father.

I had to explain that *I* was H. Harold, Esq. Then he smiled again; then looked sober, and tapped absent-mindedly on the desk. Then he opened his watch, and I saw the picture of a face in miniature on the dial. He looked at it an instant, and turned to me and asked abruptly, "Are you engaged to be married to Mr. Forbes?" Perhaps he saw I was a little agitated. I answered at once, "Yes, sir."

He blew his nose very savagely on a big red handkerchief, and reached over and took a pen and signed his name deliberately to the pardon which Senator Sumner had already written out. A clerk standing near affixed a big seal to the document.

Not another word did the President say. I tried to speak, but could not; he pressed my hand and bowed us out, and here I am waiting for the train for New York.

The steamer sails at 5 P. M. for the Isthmus; and, if we have fair weather, I will get to San Francisco in four weeks.

Adieu, dear old aunty! I love you well; and will write you a little line every day on the trip, and mail it when I can.

With tenderest regard to the Dearest of Womankind, I am,

Ever your

“HONOR BRIGHT.”

NUMBER CXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO MARIE MEREDITH.

And it came to pass.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23, 1853.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I mailed you an envelope filled to overflowing at the Isthmus, and a still larger one has gone to-day, all filled with messages I wrote my dear old aunt on board ship.

I told you of the wonderful sights of the sea; of going down from New England, the land of lingering snow, to the tropics, where roses are always in bloom. Of how our steamer came creeping up the western coast; of the whale we saw; of the porpoises and flying fish, and how the passengers and officers of the boat vied with each other in kindnesses to your girlie. Why was this, Auntie Dear? You must have told them a great lot of nice things about me, and they believed them all; and so I have been treated as a very princess ever since I left Concord.

It was the same at Washington, at New York, and better than all, here in San Francisco.

There! I know you are all on nettles. Your heart thumps as you read, and your hand shakes a little, and you say, But Arthur — our Arthur?

Well, auntie dear, he is looking over this sheet as I write — now, is not that enough?

Why need I write more, for now you know that he is well and safe; but there! you want to know of my finding him.

Well, he knew nothing of my coming, and yet, when the steamer drew up slowly to the dock, I saw hundreds of people awaiting her arrival; and among them, leaning against a post, was a young man far taller than the rest. He wore gray clothes and a wide-brimmed sombrero, and his face was very grave and a little careworn — had I ever seen it before?

I kept looking at him and I saw he was scanning the faces of the passengers, for we were all out on deck. His eyes followed along the upper rail until he came to me, and then he held out both arms toward me.

I must confess that your strong, self-reliant young woman now became suddenly weak; at

the last my strength left me. I only remember that my hand went to my bosom, where the President's pardon was sewed into my dress, and I grasped the rail for support, and that in some way I got down across the gang plank, and that there my lover was waiting to receive me.

He said not a word, and I could not, for I could scarcely stand.

He put me in a carriage, and as we rode he held my hand; but not a word was spoken, until we arrived at the house where I now write. Here Arthur helped me from the carriage and introduced me to a white-haired old lady who seemed to be waiting for me, and she called me "my dear" and took me into the cosiest little parlor you ever saw, and then for the first time I found my tongue.

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked. Arthur smiled and the old lady smiled, and then we all smiled; and the old lady said, "Mr. Forbes told me you were coming all alone from New York. What an awful long trip for one so young! Why! you ain't much older than my Matilda, and I would not trust her to go

down town alone, hardly. Mr. Forbes came here to board with me because it was so noisy at the hotel. Why! what makes you cry so, my dear? You are here all safe among friends. And I declare if Mr. Forbes ain't crying, too! — and I fear I have something in my eye."

That account in the *Vindicator* about Arthur's being captured by the Indians was nearly correct. A wonderful experience: he kept a journal the whole time, writing on birch bark. You shall see it. And about the mine, too — it proves now to be worth more than he got for it; but no difference about that.

There! Dear, loving, fault-finding, old auntie, I cannot finish this letter to-night, so I will just lay it aside and complete it to-morrow. By that time, perhaps, I may be able to tell you how my Lover knew that I was coming.

Good-night, Auntie Dear! To-morrow I will finish the sheet and write you several more besides, and tell you all about —

NUMBER CXX.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO VINDICATOR OF
DEC. 26, 1853.

MARRIED. — On Christmas Day, at the residence of Mrs. Tyler, No. 217 Magnolia Street, by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Brown, Arthur Ripley Forbes to Miss Honor Harold. (Boston papers please copy.)

HUBBARD, ELBERT

FORBES OF HARVARD

BOSTON

ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY

1894

First Edition

28800

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 676 208 2



